

William Morris Calling

I would that the loving
were loved,
And I would that the
weary should sleep,
And that man should
hearken to man,
And that he that soweth
should reap.

Number 1040 FEBRUARY 25, 1935

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

WHEN PEACE
COMES BACK
TO SPAIN

See page 4

Thursday 2d

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LITTLE RICHARD'S LAST JOURNEY

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Four

WAKING UP TO A GREAT IDEA Fifty Peace Camps to Begin With

ONE more great idea is to be realised. Everybody has been wondering how long it would be before the Government realised the value of Peace Camps, and we are to begin with fifty.

It is a beginning, and the Government has agreed to spend £1,000,000 to begin with. The camps will have huts and will be equipped so that they may be used for school purposes.

So obviously proper is the idea of these camps that it is hard to understand why the nation has been so long in waking up to it.

Muddle and Red Tape

Something has been done, very largely by people who are not in Government Departments and have wrestled themselves free from the grip of red tape and endless correspondence. We heard the other day of a display by the Auxiliary Fire Brigade in one of the parks which was held up for a week while the organiser obtained permission to use the water for the fire-engine.

But muddle and red tape and the absence of single-minded authority in the Government are not the only obstacles to getting on with the job. The truth is that the building of camps has been approached from the wrong end.

It is not a question of building camps for war time needs, but for peace time.

England wants camps. If it has camps for peace it will find them ready for use when peace is in the balance. Then there would be no feverish hurry to get them ready, no confusion, no need to urge the unready to remember that there is a war on. They would be all in order, and because people had grown familiar with them as the accompaniments of peace they would take their places in them on an emergency without haste or alarm.

Holiday Camps

Should anyone want to know what is meant by peace camps, they may be told to look around to find the answer. We have peace camps, but the defect is that there are not enough of them. There are the holiday camps, the camps the Boy Scouts make for themselves, sometimes approaching the size we have in mind. The Girl Guides have a good idea of the way it should be done. There are half a dozen holiday camps each year between Dymchurch and Dungeness. There is the camp to which King George gives his unaffected patronage and presence every year, where public

schoolboys and working lads mingle to their mutual advantage.

Beyond a doubt the camp idea is firmly fixed in the popular mind. On any railway journey in the summer camps big and little can be seen from the carriage window, springing up like mushrooms on the countryside. What the idea wants is organisation on the grand scale and on a peace footing.

Suppose we begin at the bottom rung of the ladder with camps for the children. The School Camp should have come long ago, the camp in the country to which our slum children could go for a month's schooling every year. Nothing could be better for them. Then camps are wanted where children can go for their holidays, to find fresh air and a sight of the sky and green fields and flowers, and perhaps the blue sea, to build them up for the return to the towns where they spend most of their lives. The model for such camps is easily found in places where they are now cared for in small numbers; but the bigger the camp the better. It might have half a dozen playgrounds and play-houses, its own sanatorium for the sickly, and scores of bungalows or dormitories for its child visitors.

Like Beads on a Necklace

Then a rung higher up would be the big camps for boys and youths, or for girls and young working women who, when they leave school, go to earn their living in the factories. With what is known of the Youth Movement it should be easy to fit these camps to the needs of those who would use them. Some sort of communal life would go on in them; but they should be strung like beads on a necklace, so that boys and girls, youths and maidens, inspired by the natural restlessness of their years, could move from one to another. The ramblers who now use the hostels would find themselves at home in the camps. The more they got together the happier they would be.

Another step up leads to the camps for grown-up people with or without families. Their needs are growing with the movement for holidays with pay. Where are they to go for their holidays? We know where they go now, if and when they can afford it. They go to the seaside, and we are far from saying that such excursions are, by long custom, their preference.

But there is no reason why camps should not be pitched near the sea in our island, where there is so much



THE RAIDERS

Hungry seagulls swoop down on a fish barrow left on the quayside at Brixham in Devon

coastline to spare; and one of the chief attractions would be that the campers would get good value and plenty of company for their money. The United States have a good idea of these camps, which are studded from coast to coast inland, and where there is temporary accommodation for the family with a caravan or a cheap car. The English camp as we see it would be on a bigger scale, with more accommodation for those who do not want to "camp out."

Then, on the industrial side of the idea, would be camps on a very big and carefully-planned scale for the unemployed. There are two millions of them, and holiday camps would be quite unsuited to their needs. Their camps should be training centres, where they could learn to work at something which is worth their while, and also worth the country's while. If they only learned to dig it would be better for them and their fellow countrymen than that they should do nothing and draw pay for it.

Many are the places where the unemployed and the unemployable cannot find work or wages. The camps cannot make good these deficiencies, but properly planned and organised they would be a right step on the way to giving the unemployed a chance. The existence of such camps, even the preparation of the ground for them, might suggest jobs for the men to do. There is no kind of work which does not cost money; ridding a river of weeds, filling up swampy ground, levelling waste land, all has to be paid for. The unemployed campers could do it, perhaps badly, but the work would be done, and the habit of work would grow.

This is possibly to hope too much, but the big unemployed camp, once made, would not be wasted. Anything which substitutes a planned area where there was a waste is something gained, and anything is better than having and keeping millions of men idle. If they merely added camps to the countryside it would be something.

JAPAN SEIZES A BIG ISLAND

Why it Matters to Us

The Japanese have taken possession of Hainan, a Chinese island about twice as big as Yorkshire and with a population of a million people.

Lying south of China, and hitherto well out of the range of hostilities, Hainan has been supplying the produce of its rich northern plains to the armies of Chiang Kai-Shek by way of the ports on the extreme south of China's mainland and French Indo-China, which lies due west. The Japanese state that the stopping of this trade is the only object of the invasion and not that they intend to retain this island.

France, however, is concerned about this new development, for the strategic value of Hainan is so important to her interests in the Far East that in 1897 she made an agreement with China that this island was never to be ceded to a third Power. France has also Kwang Chau Wan, an area of 325 square miles on the Chinese mainland north of Hainan.

Not only would a naval base on Hainan be able to control the trade route to Tongking, the northern territory in French Indo-China, but it would be able to threaten the route between Hong Kong and Singapore, and to menace American ships plying between the Philippines and Asia. To the south of Hainan too are small islands in the South China Sea which would be dangerous to the trade routes if fortified by a Power determined to dominate the Pacific.

The Refugees

The Philippines will take 1000 refugees a year.

Australia will take 15,000 within three years.

America will take about 30,000 a year.

The Republic of San Domingo will take 100,000.

A Mighty Hammer

As an early contribution to the cause of peace by defence the United States has sent to us the biggest hammer ever shipped for dealing with aeroplane propellers and engine cranks.

It stands as high as many houses, 27 feet of hammer on foundations of close on 13 feet, above bedrock. Above ground the hammer wields a piston rod and a ram weighing 70,000 pounds, and the anvil on which it falls weighs 200,000 pounds.

The steel foundations weigh even more, but so wonderfully is the steam control of this tremendous implement balanced that when the ram falls at full speed it can be stopped within an inch of the anvil or the steel forging which rests on it.

The Wrong Signal

When the liner Orford was cruising round Lord Howe Island not long ago, showing the island to the 700 tourists on board, a tiny launch was sighted flying the international signal meaning "We have mail for you."

So the huge liner slowed down and manoeuvred close to the craft. The occupants were delighted that the giant was taking such an interest in them and waved gaily to the passengers.

"Where are your mails?" an officer called to them. The islanders looked puzzled. "We haven't any mails," they shouted back.

"Then why are you stopping us? You are flying a mail signal."

"We're having a regatta today," explained the islanders; "the flags are only a decoration!"

Chief Man of 300 Millions CHOOSING THE NEW POPE AT THE VATICAN

THE successor to the valiant Pope Pius the Eleventh will have no light task to face; he comes to the papal throne at a critical time for the Church and for the world.

During recent days little companies of men, cardinals and their retinues, have been hurrying from the uttermost parts of Christendom to Rome, where 62 cardinals of the Sacred College are to meet in Conclave for the election of the 262nd head of the Roman Catholic Church with its 300 million members.

In comparison with this office all royal dynasties seem like the creation of yesterday. The Roman Church links us with the pagan Rome of the Caesars, with the Dark Ages when, Rome having fallen, the popes alone stood between Christian peoples and the fury of barbarians; with days when popes made and dethroned kings, when they themselves were the paramount sovereigns of the known world, and ruled all Italy as their possession.

It is a pope of diminished power and territory the Conclave has now to elect, but the ceremonial preserves all the picturesque forms and customs sanctified by centuries of precedent.

Behind the Barricades

The Vatican is converted into a self-contained garrison, as it were. An army of workmen barricades all entries and exits and boards up the windows; the interior is divided into cells for the cardinals and their officials, with a shop for barbers, a shop for chemists, and surgeries for doctors.

Once the cardinals and their attendants are assembled in the building, and all have taken an oath of secrecy, the Hereditary Marshal of the Vatican locks the doors on the outside and the Vatican Chamberlain locks them on the inside, so that no one can enter or leave till the election, however long it may take, has been completed.

The scene of the election is the Sistine Chapel, glorious with its Michael Angelo paintings. Each cardinal sits enthroned; a great table occupies the centre of the chapel, with a chalice resting on it. Below a high window, through which its chimney runs, is an iron stove, the use of which we shall see.

Each cardinal writes the name of his nominee on a paper which is folded in three, with the name exposed. On one

corner the voter writes his name; on the other corner his motto. The two ends are then folded in and sealed, so that only the name of the person voted for remains visible. Then the voter, kneeling and taking an oath that he has voted in accordance with his conscience, places his paper in the chalice.

Election can only be secured by a two-thirds majority of votes, and, failing this, there must follow a second, or perhaps many more ballots. After each vote the papers are burnt in the stove. In the event of an inconclusive vote a little straw is mixed with the papers for burning. This creates a black smoke, which, leaving the chimney running through the high window, is a signal to the thousands of people waiting outside that the election is not yet made.

Significant Smoke

When the necessary majority of votes is obtained the papers are burnt without the straw, and the crowd, seeing that the smoke is not black, knows that the new Pope is chosen.

There have been long waits for such announcements in the past. Once the deliberations were not ended until, after waiting nearly three years, the despairing Hereditary Marshal then unroofed the chamber and left the cardinals exposed to the weather and the necessity for an immediate decision. Until recent years it was the practice, after three days, to restrict the cardinals to a diet of bread and water and a little wine.

In readiness for the election three sets of papal vestments fitting as many men of different height and proportions have been taken into the Vatican; the new Pope assumes those that fit him, and goes with the cardinals to St Peter's, where he pronounces a blessing on the multitude.

The new Pope will be, in addition to his status as Father of the Roman Catholic Church, monarch of the smallest sovereign State in the world—the 100 acres of Vatican City, with the Vatican, St Peter's, a few houses, and a population of 1025; a number of churches beyond the borders of Vatican City, and another 100 acres at Castel Gandolfo, the papal summer residence, 18 miles from Rome, where Pius the Eleventh hid himself when Herr Hitler visited Rome, as a papal protest against the homage being done to an enemy of the Church.

The Girl Who Broke the Cups

All know what is called the Monday feeling. Professor Cullis, speaking to the Hospital Almoners Institution a little while ago, had a scientific word to say for it. When the worker is tired he works at his worst, or she at her worst.

On Mondays the worker comes to the task feeling rather shy of it, and the output falls. On Tuesday and Wednesday, when the worker's hand is in, the output rises, and continues till about Friday, when fatigue may cause it again to fall.

In a similar way work is below the average in the first hour of the morning, rises till lunch and for an hour afterwards, and then falls as fatigue resumes its sway towards the end of the day. Accidents follow the same course; fatigue is a real contributor to them; but Professor Cullis found another cause for breakages in want of team work.

At a catering firm breakages to coffee cups occurred mostly when the cups were being filled by girls working in threes. One girl handed the cup to be filled, the second filled it at the tap, the third bore it away.

The second girl made the breakages in her haste to lift the cup to the tap so as to keep nobody waiting; and by adopting a device which made it unnecessary to lift the cup to the tap the breakages were reduced by three-quarters.

The Babies at the Zoo

There is more interest than ever in Sydney's beautiful Zoo just now, for never before have there been so many newly-born and young animals on exhibition at one time.

The two more popular youngsters are the lion cub and the baby leopard, while scores of people are always to be found in front of the pits where the tiny polar bear, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros disport themselves. The cheeky little mountain goats and Barbary sheep cause a great deal of amusement as they scramble on their shaggy legs up and down the mountain cliffs, watched by their proud parents.

Books For the Hospitals

In one year 342,767 books and magazines have been sent to all kinds of hospitals.

Of these 2063 were special books, many highly technical ones having been asked for by patients wishing to improve their chance of work on leaving hospital. Hospital libraries have now instituted a band of voluntary librarians who will read aloud to patients. It is believed that the Central London Ophthalmic Hospital is the first eye hospital in England to have such a service.

Sussex and Surrey have again collected most books, collecting 255,873 in the two counties.

LITTLE NEWS REEL

Dwellers in council houses at Chancetonbury, Sussex, are to receive prizes for the best fruit gardens this year.

Swansea Safety First Committee states that of the 754 street accidents last year 301 were due to pedestrians not taking care.

Three thousand chicks were brought by air from Holland to Croydon.

A Girl Guide of Hyde, Cheshire, has collected 10,000 used stamps for the P. D. S. A.

Mr J. K. Lilly of Indianapolis has presented 20 English police bands with full scores of the melodies Old Black Joe, Massa's in de Cold Cold Ground, and Old Folks at Home, by the American composer Stephen Collins Foster.

In 1930 we imported about 18,000 tons of flowers, but today British growers are supplying nearly all the cut flowers sold in this country.

Fordson tractors made at Dagenham in Essex have recently been exported to Western Canada.

In celebration of the 75th anniversary of the Belgian Red Cross Institution a series of eight new stamps will be issued, one of them having a portrait of Florence Nightingale.

At the end of last year Mr John Thomas, a platelayer employed by the Southern Railway for 48 years, died in St Bartholomew's Hospital, Rochester; and it is now reported that he left estate valued at nearly £3000, the bulk of which he bequeathed to the hospital.

THINGS SEEN

A missel thrush's nest at Hove with four eggs on January 29.

A peacock butterfly at Denham in Buckinghamshire at the beginning of February.

A spectator pigeon on the field all the afternoon at the football match between England and Ireland.

A flying-boat taking off beside a Viking galley prepared for a festival.

THINGS SAID

Isolation, whether behind the English Channel or the Atlantic Ocean, is an illusion.

Sir George Young

A people must make use of its resources, or some other country will try and take them away.

Lord Rodney

China is unconquerable. Her spiritual resistance is more powerful than her force of arms.

Miss Pearl Buck

Peace, peace. The Pope's last words.

If Ruskin could have foreseen the damage motor roads have done in the Lakes even his vocabulary would have failed.

Mr Howard Whitehouse

In the interest of world peace I want a Five-Power Pact recognising the soothing influence of carpet slippers.

Professor Hilton

All we can do is to punish so severely that people will think twice before driving under the influence of drink.

York licensing magistrate

I still have doubts as to whether space is finite or infinite, whether it is curved or flat.

Sir James Jeans

THE BROADCASTER

ABOUT 400 local authorities have now swept away their slums.

ATHENS is to have a Green Week, when thousands of trees will be planted.

WE can now telephone from many ports to fishermen 100 miles at sea.

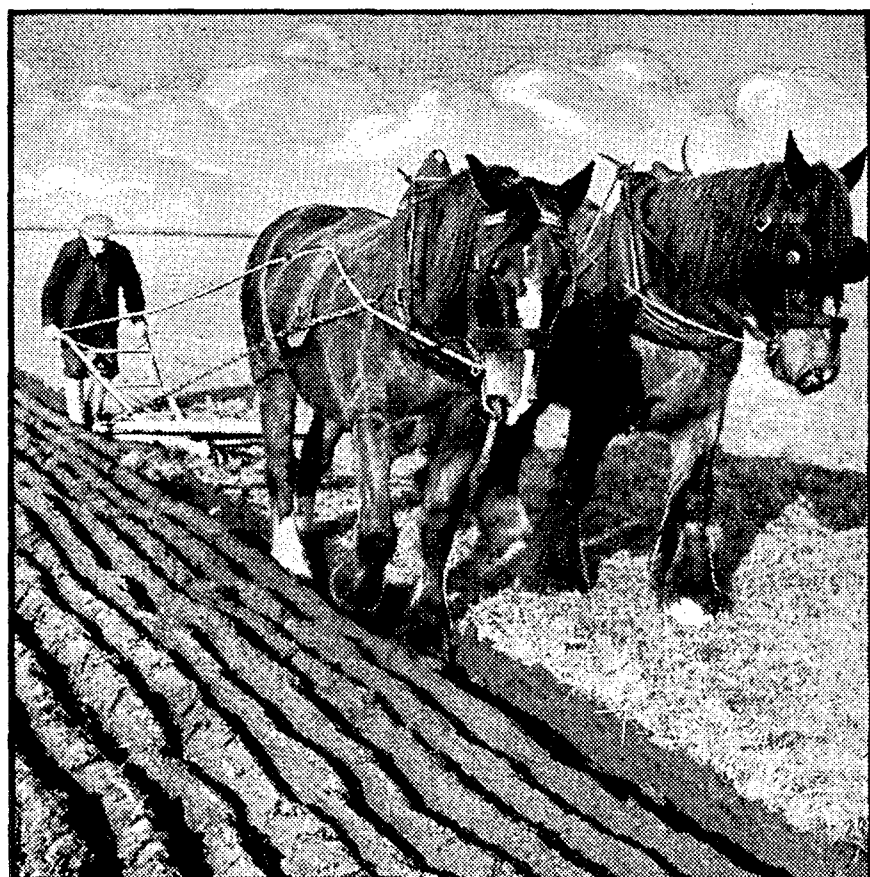
AT least 200 new factories are being built in this country by refugees.

THE famous fiddler Mischa Elman is touring America and Canada for the benefit of refugees.

Surf Riders • Horse Plough and Snow Plough • Ming the Panda



Where the Sun is Shining—Surf riders coming into shore at Pacific Beach, near San Diego in California



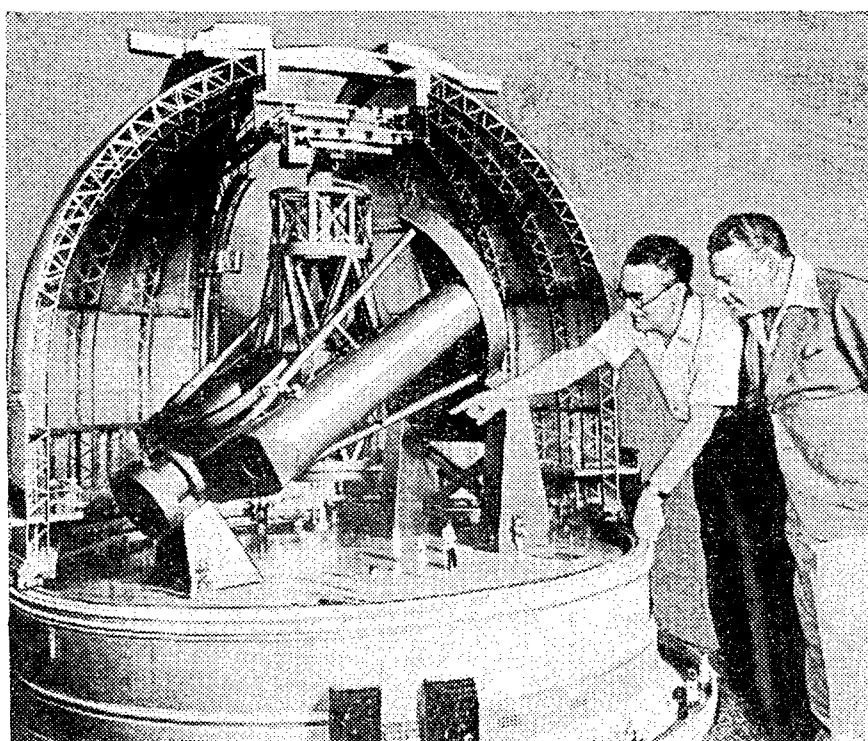
The Horse Plough—In spite of the popularity of mechanical aids to farming the horse-drawn plough is happily still a frequent sight in our countryside



The Snow-Plough—A mechanical snow-plough clearing a way through the deep snow at Maloja, the winter sports centre in the Swiss Alps



All Friends Together—Young visitors to the London Zoo taking Ming the Giant Panda for a walk in the winter sunshine



Model of the Biggest Telescope—A model of the 200-inch telescope for Mount Palomar in Southern California. The model has been on show in American towns

HELP IN TIME OF TROUBLE

The Hospital Almoners

Of friendships, comforts, and sweet charities

The almoners of the All-bountiful.

Poor patients who come and go in the hospitals know no better friend than the Lady Almoner.

In old times the Almoner was the dispenser of the bounties of princes and the charities of religious houses. Today she is the proud servant of a hospital, and the friend in need of the poor patients whom also she serves.

They tell her of their scanty means and of the homes they must return to, when doctor and nurse have done all they can for them, and she lays their case before the people who can help them. These people may be the authorities of the hospital, or the county or borough council which is responsible for it. She becomes the adviser not only of the discharged patients, but of the charities, municipal or voluntary, which can give after-care to them.

Sir Arthur MacNalty, Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health, spoke out of full knowledge of the almoner's work when declaring not long ago (before the Hospital Almoners Association) that the almoners are one of the chief means of binding together the hospital and public health. It is useless to cure a patient and then send him back to conditions or work which favour ill-health.

Some of these almoners, both of the voluntary and of the L.C.C. hospitals, we have had reason to seek, and we have found them shrewd and sympathetic, and with that wide knowledge of the poor which makes them really helpful.

Savernake

That oft-threatened realm of sylvan loveliness, Savernake Forest, through which motorists pass on the way from London to Bath, has escaped a new possible peril, and now seems destined to enjoy a fresh lease of prosperity.

Long the home of the family of the Marquis of Ailesbury, it was sold (forest, house, farms, everything attached to it) towards the close of the Victorian Era by its owner, an eccentric nobleman, for £70,000. But the heir, who loved the forest, spent two years and £20,000 out of his own pocket in contesting the sale in the Courts, and finally gained an order forbidding the sale to take place.

A year ago the Savernake Estates Company, by whom the property is owned, decided to lease 4000 acres of the forest and its outlying woods to the Forestry Commission. In view of the introduction by that body of vast numbers of firs into scenes which beauty-lovers consider fit only for oaks and other noble growths, general alarm was caused lest the Commissioners should extend such plantings to Savernake, and there has now been a meeting between the Forestry Commissioners and all the parties concerned. Thanks to this meeting it has been agreed that the trees planted shall be oak, beech, ash, sycamore, and birch; and all glades, avenues, and wild life will be preserved.

The Old Folks

Only the other day the C.N. told of a lady who had been in service for 50 years.

Miss Elizabeth Hind of Grasmere has an unbroken record of 80 years of service with one family. She is now 92 and lying ill in the home she has served so well.

Miss Mary Foley of Ramsbottom, Lancashire, 83, has been working in the mill for 73 years and is still working three looms.

An old lady 78 years old has volunteered for A.R.P. work at Blackburn and been given a job on the domestic side.

Mr James Davie, 82, is the leader of a Lancashire rambling club in which every member is over 70.

When Peace Comes Back to Spain

THE WAY TO BETTER DAYS

PEACE comes with leaden foot to Spain. Still, as the great Galileo said of the world, it moves.

When it is established there will be after-shocks, like those which follow an earthquake, and which extend in ripples far beyond the centre of disturbance. No European nation, neither those which have resolutely stood outside the conflict nor those which have sought to profit by it, will escape them. The surest hope for the world is that Spain, scarred and exhausted by a cruel war, will range herself on the side of the peacemakers.

A harder task than that of winning the war confronts General Franco in winning the peace. When the vanquished lay down their arms they will not relinquish the civil causes and rivalries which led to taking them up, nor will the victors long preserve in politics a united front. It will soon become apparent, as it has been evident for many long years, that there is not one but many Spains.

Many Groups and Many Policies

There is, and has been, the industrial Spain of which Barcelona is the type; it was the headquarters of the policies of republicans, communists, syndicalists, and anarchists. They were not one solid body, but had rival factions. There is also the Spain of the south, more particularly of Andalusia, where poverty stalked among hungry peasants. It had its counterpart in the north-west, in Galicia (poor but not so poor as the south) and round Bilbao, and in the Basque country.

There are other Spains, the Spain of the aristocracy and the landed proprietors, the Spain still loyal to the monarchy, the Spain which holds fast by the Church and the old order. Fighting on the side of these is military Spain, and that restless Spain which for a century has usually rebelled against authority. There are mixed groups on Franco's side which he must satisfy, and the task will be no less

hard than that of satisfying his recent adversaries.

Yet behind all these is the true Spain, and the Spaniard who is loyal to it. These men and women have long deplored the slothfulness and greed which directed the affairs of their country, under a king or under the brief era of Dictators. They saw with dismay the brutal efforts of the new quarrelling politicians to set things right. In despair many of them turned to Franco and many adhered to the side which seemed to have won freedom for Spain.

A Difficult Task

The fierceness of the Civil War, the desperate courage with which both sides have prolonged it, is the measure of the obduracy with which both sides, and many opposed factions, have clung to their beliefs. It is because men "convinced against their will are of the same opinion still" that General Franco's task will be so hard. He has not convinced his opponents by German tanks and Italian bombs; and it is hard not to believe that the employment of these alien resources will not have made his task of reconciliation much greater for him.

Yet it has to be done. We believe it will be done, and the belief is based on the existence of that core of pure patriotism which for the sake of Spain has been willing recently to suffer all things and endure all things. Many waters cannot quench it.

If General Franco is one of those true patriots, setting the independence of his country before all things, then he may go forward confidently to the task of reconciliation. He will blunder, he will suffer many rebuffs, but if, patient, persevering, unyielding, he pursues the path of binding up Spain's wounds, and calling on all men of goodwill to help, he will have his reward in a Spain able to forget the injuries inflicted on her in the hope of a brighter and a happier future.

Little Richard's Last Journey

HERO OF THE DESERT

FROM Alice Springs in Australia comes this story of a boy who laid down his life for others.

He was 14-year-old Richard Stevens, who with his cousin Mollie Madigan, her mother and father, and a young man of 23, were travelling in a truck from Port Augusta to Alice Springs. All went well for the first part of the desert journey, but when they reached East Well the first of their disasters overtook them, for they found to their dismay that the well was dry and that their pump would not work. Sandhills and creeks took hours to negotiate, and the gallant little party began to be anxious about the dwindling supply of water.

Finally, when the car became stuck in a creek, Mrs Madigan, her little girl, and Richard volunteered to walk on to see if they could find water, leaving the other two to try to extricate the car. They searched vainly in the scorching sun until only Richard had

strength to go on. "Water won't come to us, Auntie," he said; "I will have to look for some." Three hours later he staggered back completely worn out, and when a car travelling from Alice Springs came upon them an hour later Richard had passed away.

The rescuers buried him in the desert and took the four survivors to the nearest hospital, where they are all recovering after their terrible ordeal.

Newcastle's New Quay

Hopes of better times go with the will to work for better times at Newcastle. A great bid for more trade is being made by the Tyne Improvement Commissioners, who are building a new quay 800 feet long, to cost about £800,000. For 18 months there will be work for hundreds of men, and when the quay is finished there will be every facility for dealing with an immense trade in timber and ore.

IRRECONCILABLE

Farewell to Peter the Troubler

Canada's Doukhobors have lost their leader Peter Verigin, and the close of his stormy life recalls the strange habits of these people. We hear much of minorities, but Canada has had this strange minority for 40 years.

They came from Russia to settle in Canada because they found Russian rule bad both in politics and religion, and hoped to find freedom in a newer world. Peter Verigin came from Southern Russia to join them only 12 years ago, but he was a Doukhobor of the most disruptive kind. In Russia his tempestuous life brought on him twice a sentence of death and several years in prison, from which he was released only on the promise that he would leave Russia.

Minorities in countries are, as we have all seen only too recently, a powerful source of trouble, though some can live peaceably with their neighbours. We have heard from our friend Daisy Bates that there is a small community of Germans, her neighbours on the Murray River, who are friends with everyone, contented and happy.

Troublesome Citizens

Not so the Doukhobors, whose community of 20,000 is continually in conflict with the Canadian authorities because of their refusal to pay taxes or send their children to school. When periodically pressure has been applied to them to make them conform to the law they have burnt down schools and churches, and have paraded, naked, for long distances even in the cold and storms of a Canadian winter.

To these people Peter Verigin's advent supplied fresh fuel: though he was as often in trouble with the Doukhobors as with the police. He assumed authority among them, and kept it with his fists. He tried to annex their funds, which are considerable, and was twice sent to gaol.

The oddest episode in his later career was when a judge had sentenced him to deportation after release from gaol. Some friends rescued him by aeroplane as he was on the point of being deported. The judge rescinded the order for deportation because it was certain that if he was returned to Russia it would be to his death.

Now he has gone, and we hope the Doukhobors breathe more freely. It may be that they will find some moral lessons from his career.

Brothers and Sisters

We published the other day the ages of six brothers and sisters at Mossley whose average ages are 70.

We now hear of a family of five (the Kemps of West Wickham) whose average is 75: Lydia 87, Ellen 83, Amy 74, Elizabeth 68, Albert 64.

But even this fine record is beaten by the Seven Johnsons, a Lincolnshire family from Hogsthorpe, now scattered but happily with seven members living: Susannah 88; William 86; George 84; Fred 82; Henry James 76; Ann 75; Charles 71. The average age of the Johnsons is therefore 80. The father, John Thomas Johnson, was born at Hogsthorpe on February 13, 1827, and buried at Sheffield in 1911.

As we go to press we hear of Seven Castertons, average 71, five brothers and two sisters making a total of 501 years. They have not been together since 1877.

The Day May Come

While only astrologers and other merchants of superstition can declare the future, the day may yet come when the peaceful, law-respecting British nation may once again be able to pursue its journey without having to wait and listen on the wireless from week to week to the dictator orations from countries they defeated or succoured in the past.

Mr Winston Churchill

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

Every time a liner arrives in Singapore a man may be seen walking up the gangway and round the ship looking for penniless refugees.

He is a Jew himself, and remembers the time when he also was fleeing from persecution, and when, on his arrival at Singapore, a fellow-passenger pressed a pound note into his hand which kept him from starving till he found work. He does with a kindness what we are meant to do with it—passes it on, and today any penniless refugee receives a pound note from this Good Samaritan.

THE LONG, LONG TICKET

We told some time ago of a ticket six feet eight inches long (taller than the passenger), issued by Imperial Airways to Mr W. L. Lang, who flew from London to Africa and back. Now comes news from Canada of a railway ticket issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway which was *fifteen feet eleven inches long!* It was the longest ticket ever sold by the company, and was issued to Miss Alice Johnston, an English lecturer now travelling all over Canada on a lecture tour.

1870 AND NOW

In the first nine months of 1938 there were 27,365 more deaths than births in France.

The decline in the number of children reveals itself increasingly. The French population is now down to about 39,000,000, and the fact is disguised by the presence of over 3,000,000 foreigners, making the total population about 42,000,000.

It is difficult to believe that as long ago as 1870 France had almost as many Frenchmen as today.

In all the great French Empire outside France today there are fewer than 900,000 French men, women, and children.

FOOTSTEPS IN THE SNOW

A Bournemouth postman has retired after a long period of service.

When he was being presented with the Imperial Service Medal he told a story of his youthful experiences.

He was making his way into Bournemouth about two o'clock on a dark winter's morning when he was convinced that he was being followed. The sound of feet in the snow behind was too plain to be disregarded. When he stopped the noise stopped also, and he went on again, only to find the noise behind him began again.

At last he turned suddenly round and went back on his steps and found that the noise was simple and rather pathetic. *He was being followed by a flock of fourteen sheep.*

THE FATE OF 15 EDITORS

It is sad news to hear from China that the Peiping Bao has been suppressed by the Japanese, for it has been appearing for 1500 years and was the oldest newspaper in the world.

Founded in 400 A.D. by Sou-Choung, this paper must have had an exciting life through the centuries, for at least 15 of its editors are known to have been beheaded. One of the first things the Japanese did when they occupied Peking was to ban the Peiping Bao.

LITTLE HOUSE

Warmworth Low Road School at Sheffield has a surprise for every new scholar, which the seniors show with some pride to the juniors.

It is a doll's house, which took a year to build, and though only about two feet square it is a perfect reproduction of a real house.

The house has red brick walls, each brick having been separately chipped and shaped by its builder, Mr Broomhead, brother of the headmistress. The tiny articles of furniture have come from every corner of England, and there is even a press-button wireless set and a telephone. The sewing machine, only an inch long, sews perfectly.

China and Japan in India

In a letter from India Miss Muriel Lester of London (she and her sister run the Children's House down East) tells of an encouraging incident which happened during an International Missionary Conference held near Madras.

Nearly all the world knows that trade in opium and other harmful drugs has followed quickly wherever the Japanese army has control in China. One day at the Conference, where Christians of many lands were present, someone spoke of this horrible trade and the tragedies it was causing.

A young Japanese woman said indignantly that her country was not encouraging it and the stories told were only propaganda by Japan's enemies. An American began quietly to remind

her that the reports sent to the Conference were from eye-witnesses, but a Chinese asked the meeting not to discuss the matter if it would make the Japanese unhappy. Then another Japanese woman proved that love of truth is stronger even than love of our country's pride, and she stated that some of the Japanese Christians themselves had asked for the matter to be investigated; they did not want the facts hushed up.

This Japanese lady comes from a school whose pupils have for a long time been sending help to the suffering people of China. The continued friendship between Japanese and Chinese Christians shows that war-propaganda cannot always win.

THE BLIND PLAYERS

Some time ago the pupils at the Ontario School for the Blind made themselves a skating rink and took up skating with great enthusiasm. They became so keen about it and so expert that now they have organised what is probably the first hockey team for blind players in the world. The boys who are absolutely blind use a tin can for a puck, which they are able to follow by the sound, while those who can see a little use the usual puck.

BRAINS OR EXAMS?

The National Association of Labour Teachers have sent in this report to the Youth Commission:

"Examination results are entirely misleading. Recently an intelligence test was given to 2000 children taking a secondary school examination. It was found that 30 boys and 30 girls in a high position with the intelligence test were low in the examination list."

BE CHEERFUL

It undoubtedly pays to be cheerful.

That is not to say that Mr Millar was cheerful with an idea of making money out of it. Nothing was farther from his mind. As conductor of a bus, he was cheerful and kindly to everyone because he was made that way; and it was quite natural that when Mr and Mrs Winks travelled on his bus from Edinburgh to Currie Mr Millar should get into conversation with them. He always had some pleasant information, and a friendship was struck up between the two passengers and the conductor.

When Mr Wink died Mr Millar and his wife were kind to his widow; and when Mrs Wink died it was a surprise to Mr Millar and his wife to learn that she had left them a house valued at £1000.

AN ISLAND TALE

The deer which swam across the St Lawrence River at Ivy Lea in Ontario the other morning must have been showing off, for it was anything but a pleasant day for a swim. There were pieces of ice floating round.

After its chilly dip the animal was seen to climb on to a block of ice, where it rested for about an hour; then it made its way over floating ice to one of the Thousand Islands on which the new international bridge is built. There the deer was seen gambolling about, obviously pleased with its new home, and finally vanished among the trees.

THE WILD CATTLE

At Chillingham in Northumberland there has been a herd of wild white cattle for over 700 years.

They are on the estate of the Earl of Tankerville, and he can no longer bear the cost of their upkeep.

There was a similar crisis in 1931 when the Zoological Society of London saved the situation for a time. To save the herd it is asked that 300 people interested shall form an association and pay an annual subscription of £1 each.

AN IDEA FROM SAMOA

To some people making a speech is great fun, but to most of us it is a very great effort.

When Dr Victor Heiser, the famous American doctor, was in Samoa a native king gave a feast in his honour, at the end of which a professional orator, not the king, stood up and welcomed the distinguished guest.

When he had finished Dr Heiser thought he had better get up and say a few words in reply. He started to rise but was stopped by the king, who told him not to bother, as he had provided an orator for him! "In Polynesia," the king explained, "we don't believe that public-speaking should be engaged in by amateurs!"

LUNCH IN CHURCH

Workers of St Helens, Lancashire, have been invited to take their lunches with them and join in a 20-minute midday service each Wednesday at the parish church. They have responded splendidly, and now eat their lunch in the church while the vicar reads or talks to them.

GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME

Bugs has not a very elegant name, but he has the bravest heart a foxhound could have.

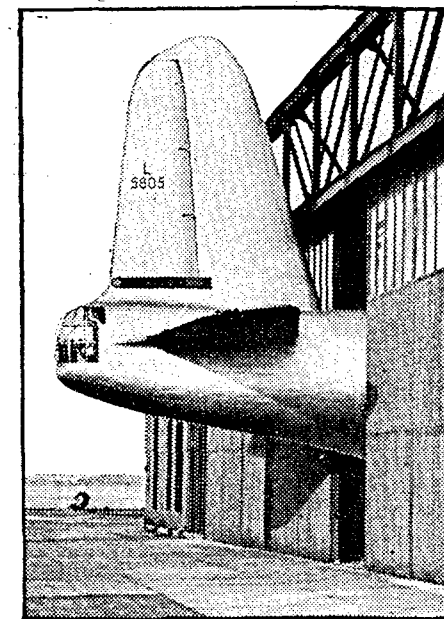
He was out with his master in Philadelphia the other morning when, as they were walking across a small lake frozen over, the ice cracked and man and dog disappeared. The man just managed to haul the animal on to the ice so that it could run to safety: he had not strength to pull himself out. But Bugs did not run home. He stayed by the edge of the ice and, gripping his master's coat with his teeth, tugged him out of the hole to solid footing.

For his courage this brave dog was awarded a medal, and he has been the guest of honour at a banquet.

Clearly, giving a dog a bad name does not always spoil him!

A WIRELESS STAMP

The first stamp picturing Wireless has just been issued by the French postal authorities in aid of the fund for providing blind people with sets. The stamp bears the picture of a blind person listening-in.



Room inside for all but the tail of a Short Sunderland flying-boat

THE FEARLESS EAGLE

The eagle is no longer monarch of the Colorado Rockies. These haughty birds have been accustomed to having everything their own way in the air, and the other day one of them went into battle with three armoured invaders who dared to cross his territory. The invaders were aeroplanes flying at 275 miles an hour, and the fearless eagle charged straight at one of them, meeting a hero's death against the wing. He was no match for man's flying bird.



The prize-winning poster in a Safety-First competition. There were 550 entries

INSPECTOR

Mr Leonard Cheesbrough, who has been appointed one of His Majesty's Inspectors of Mines, was a pony boy at the Ledstone Colliery in Yorkshire. He went to work at the pit soon after leaving school at Kippax, worked hard there and at his studies, passed examination after examination, and gained a colliery under-manager's certificate in 1932. His story is one of continual perseverance.

THE GREAT PRETENCE

In Germany no anthology of German poetry is now allowed to contain poems written by Jews, and it was rather surprising, therefore, to find Heine's famous poem The Lorelei still included, with "traditional" written under it instead of the poet's name!

A YEAR WITHOUT A COLD

Mr Wilfrid Hill, managing director of a Birmingham firm, has succeeded in reducing the number of colds suffered by his staff. He gives a guinea to everyone who completes a year without having been away from business on account of a cold, and last year 85 per cent of the staff received the award.

Mr Hill declares that the annual bonus has reduced absences due to colds more than he had ever hoped. Along with his offer of a bonus he issued a booklet telling people how to eat and what to wear; and also issued an order that no one was to attend work with a cold. As a result the efficiency of the staff has been very much improved.

DOWN BELOW

Still Australia is parting with more people than she gains by immigration. The latest figures available, for the first half of last year, show that in that time 1942 more people came out of Australia than went in.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 25 1939

Eight Poor Boys

NEVER was a time when the world exhibited so many great men who have risen from humble beginnings.

The latest example is Professor Felix Frankfurter, who has been raised by President Roosevelt to the responsible position of a judge of the Supreme Court of the United States. He is a Jew, and is greatly respected by the American legal profession. This trusting and trusted man began life as a newsboy. He was born in Vienna in 1882, and taken to the United States at twelve.

In a very different field of effort, another newsboy rose to fame in Edgar Wallace, a forsaken child who appeared not to have a chance in the world.

If we turn to France, we see M. Daladier, who has steered his country through great difficulties; he is the son of a small baker. Mascagni, the Italian composer, began life in a baker's shop.

From France we turn to Germany, where Hitler, an Austrian artisan, has risen to rule over 80,000,000 people. He hawked pictures in the streets, done by himself. Signor Mussolini is the son of a blacksmith, and proud of it. Mr Ramsay MacDonald was the son of a Scottish labourer; he walked London streets an unemployed man, and was glad to earn money by writing wrappers. Often he was down at heel. Lord Snell, such an excellent chairman of the London County Council, was at one time a potman.

It is not necessary to point the moral of these lives, but it is clear that the days of magnificent personal adventure are not over.

Sleeping Time

WE have been looking again into a little pamphlet on Sleep, in which one of our medical officers reminds us that in sleep a child is building up reserves of strength in body and mind: he is not wasting time but using it to the best advantage to refresh himself for active work and outdoor exercises and games next day. The mother who has a curfew hour is a wise woman.

Late hours mean tired, pale-faced children, drowsy in the morning, and cross in the afternoon; dull at lessons, half-hearted at games, and irritable at home.

Early hours mean rosy cheeks, liveliness, keenness at school, good temper, and good appetite.

Even if we do not feel sleepy at the right time, we can be resting and forming a good habit instead of a bad one.

Here is advice from the highest authority which every parent should take to heart, and the C N gladly passes it on.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



One in Six

It is necessary to attend to Foreign Affairs, but distressing to find our legislators losing interest in Home Affairs.

In the last House of Commons debate on the Distressed Areas fewer than 100 members attended Parliament. As there are 615 members this means that less than one in six thought it worth while to listen to a discussion of a matter in which the honour of the nation is deeply involved.

The Whirligig of Time

It is pointed out that if a tunnel under the Channel had been constructed, as was proposed long ago, Britain would now have at her disposal in wartime all French ports.

Our sea coast would be extended by thousands of miles, with several major ports adding enormous facilities for the handling and safe dispatch of supplies to England. It is obvious that a Channel tunnel would be a great advantage in both peace and war.

Why, then, was the tunnel not constructed? The answer is a commentary on human folly. It was not made because so many people were afraid of France. Now that France is counted not an enemy but a friend, the old enmity, the old fancies, stand in our way.

The whirligig of time, in this as in other matters, brings its revenges.

Very Good News

It is good news that the number of blind children is decreasing. Twelve years ago the number registered under 16 was 2812; it is now about 1000 less. This, of course, means that presently there will be fewer blind adults.

The medical profession is to be congratulated on this happy change, for certain it is that in the old days many children became blind who could have been saved from this grave infirmity by proper attention.

Endurance

SPAIN must suffer long from the bitter war that is now within sight of its end. Well might her unhappy people write on the walls of their houses these words written by St Teresa, the Spanish mystic of the 16th century:

*Let nothing disturb thee,
Nothing affright thee;
All things are passing;
God never changeth;
Patient endurance
Attaineth to all things;
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting;
Alone God sufficeth.*

This Honest World

NOT long ago a lady in Glasgow received a letter enclosing a Treasury note which had come across Europe in an open envelope.

The sender, realising immediately after posting it that he had not stuck down the flap, and not having much confidence in European postmen, took the precaution of sending another note along in a properly sealed envelope, and was much surprised to hear that the first had arrived safely.

Chincherinchee

SOMETIMES we receive with great delight from friends in South Africa examples of a flower the natives call the Chincherinchee. Europeans call it the Wonder Flower.

The wonder lies in the fact that the buds take long to open, and remain fresh longer still. Sometimes the flowers will last for two months.

The flower is white and very beautiful. It is borne in a cluster and gradually opens to a star-like form. English gardeners are welcoming it with enthusiasm and many blooms will appear in our greenhouses this year.

JUST AN IDEA

Looking on and criticising the way somebody does a hard thing is the poorest of all amusements.

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If hairdressers take time by the forelock

A CORRESPONDENT complains there is too much traffic on the roads. But we don't know where else to put it.

THERE is said to be a glut of cooks in Rome. Everybody will be in the soup.

THE boy who shines at school is often quick-tempered. Easily rubbed up the wrong way.

SOMEONE complains that a new London statue is ugly. A put up job.

AN amateur farmer says he has had enough of farming. Found it a harrowing experience.

A NOVELIST says she likes to go where she is not known. But she wants recognition.

IS life worth living? asks a pessimist. What else can he do with it?

RHEUMATISM often runs up big bills. It is a bit stiff.

WATCHES are not so regular as they used to be. But the present time is so worrying nobody wants to keep it.

What the Chinese Know

According to a Chinese editor, the Chinese do not fight well because they are not interested in so uncivilised and useless a game. But let him speak for himself, remembering that he is a graduate of Harvard and Leipzig Universities:

THE Chinese are the world's worst fighters because they are an intelligent race, nurtured by Taoistic cynicism and the Confucian emphasis on harmony as the ideal.

They do not fight because they are the most calculating and self-interested people. An average Chinese child knows what the European grey-haired statesman does not know, that by fighting one gets maimed or killed, whether it be an individual or a nation. Chinese parties to a dispute are therefore the easiest to bring to their senses. Also, being imbued with the spirit of Taoism, the Chinese do not, when advantage comes, take all of it. It is merely a matter of culture, of what we call "banyang." If the Frenchman had been a little imbued with the spirit of Taoism at the moment of his victory in 1918 his head would rest more easily on its pillow today.

Brigadier-General Edward Bear

One of our favourite readers sent us a little portrait the other day of our rival in her affections, Brigadier-General Edward Bear, and now comes this little poem from another reader on the famous Brigadier:

TEDDY is kind,
Teddy is fair,
Teddy is my
Favourite Bear.

Mummie will go
After my prayer;
All through the night
Teddy is there.

When they are cross,
When I despair,
Comforting me
Teddy is there.

Now he is old
What do I care?
Look in my heart:
Teddy is there.

The Duty of Being Happy

There is no duty we so much under-rate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor.

A happy man or woman is a radiating focus of goodwill; and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Sing a Song of Yorkshire

Come, sturdy men of Yorkshire!
Ye men of cliffs and bays;
Ye men of dales and mountains;
Ye citizens give praise
To our beloved county,
The spot that gave us birth!
Let's sing aloud its bounty,
The fairest spot on earth!

From T'Owd Hammer's dialect poems

SCIENCE HAND IN HAND WITH WORK

A Million a Year on Research

The day is not far distant when this country will be spending a million pounds a year on research.

It is not many years since our Governments were being bitterly reproached by men of science for their indifference to science, but the reproach no longer holds.

It was not, indeed, till 1916 that the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research was set up, but its progress has proved how necessary it is. During the past ten years the staff has increased from 1,400 to over 2000, of whom 700 are engaged on the 50 acres of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

Fruit in the Gas Store

In addition to direct research by the State, many of our industries have research associations assisted by grants from the Department. The annual Report of the Department tells us that over 20 associations are now cooperating, and that whereas industry only subscribed £120,000 for research in 1929, the figure for 1937 was £265,000. The biggest of them is the Cotton industry, with an income of £87,000, and the next biggest is Electricity with £85,000. The latest important association to receive a grant is that for the best methods of making use of British coal.

The Report amazes us by the immense field covered and the number of problems Science and Industry are together trying to solve.

Take, for example, the food question, which today is more vital than ever to this densely populated island. The Food Investigation Board has in the last few years solved how to preserve home-grown fruit by a new method known as gas-storage. Ten years ago, states this Report, there were no gas stores; today 3,000,000 cubic feet of storage have been provided, and this is only a beginning. The gas, by the way, is the carbon-dioxide breathed out by an apple, as it is by human beings, and the method depends on adjusting the ventilation of cooled stores so that their atmosphere contains just the right amount of that gas.

Fish Kept Fresh For Two Years

How rapidly this discovery has been applied commercially is shown by the fact that Australia and New Zealand sent us in 1937 some 38,000 tons of chilled beef carried in this way, whereas up to 1933 they could only send frozen beef. It has been proved, too, that fish, which will remain fresh for only twelve days in crushed ice, can be stored for two years under the new methods.

After food come clothes, and the Report has something to suggest about the right kind of shoes to be worn at work, for the height of the heel should depend on the kind of work done if ailments are to be avoided. Woollens which are resistant to shrinkage are also being produced, thanks to the research chemist.

The coal experts have produced a wax from which soap has been made, and are investigating the possibilities of using fine coal-dust instead of oil in diesel engines.

These are only a few of the more striking results of cooperation between Science and Industry under the guiding hand of the State.

100 Years Ago

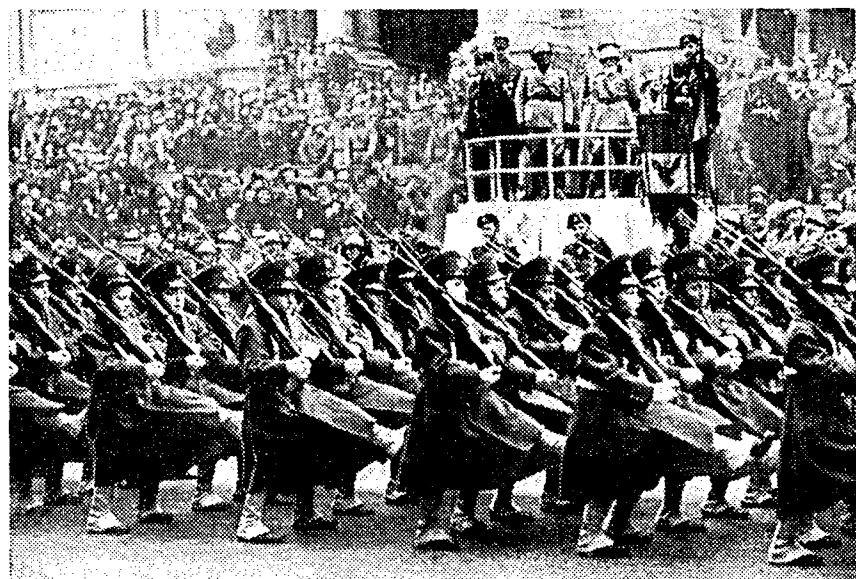
Manchester is celebrating the centenary of the granting of the first Commission of Peace in the city.

The first indictment a hundred years ago was against a labourer named Foster, charged with stealing vegetables valued at 3s. He was sentenced to ten years' transportation.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE



AND ON THIS



Every boy in the Roman procession has lost his father in Spain, and received a bayonet from Signor Mussolini, who is looking on

A Great Model of Fenland

THERE is stirring news from our eastern counties.

On the site of former peril and devastation great railway activities are to develop travel facilities along the Lincolnshire coastline between Skegness and Mablethorpe and beyond. In the neighbourhood of Lingay Fen at Trumpington, which lies within the town boundary of Cambridge, a scheme which sounds a very paradise for boys is to come into being.

This is no less than a complete model of Fenland, covering some two and a half acres of ground, which will be planned by engineers as an exact model of the Fens, so that during the seven years over which the lease extends the entire drainage system of this oft-plagued area may be studied, and the effect can be noted of floods and tides artificially created to imitate the real. Then the experts of the Great Ouse Catchment Board and their associates will have data, it is hoped, enabling them to combat and overcome the perils by which the district is so frequently flooded and reduced to waste.

To every healthy-minded boy the project sounds intensely exciting, an

extension on a vast scale of the experiments carried out during the Christmas lectures at the Royal Institution, or in the tanks and air-tunnels of the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington, whence comes information for the building of our ships and aeroplanes.

The new transport facilities for the Lincolnshire coast will, it is hoped, afford greater opportunities for greater multitudes of people to test the boast of the proud old seaman who declares that Skegness is so bracing.

There has been an immense give-and-take along that famous coastline. Nobody would dream today that there is more of Skegness in the sea than out of it; but within recent centuries the waves ate up the town's great castle and fortifications, its church and spire, and its once famous marketplace.

Crops grow luxuriantly on thousands of acres of Lincolnshire that have been reclaimed from the sea, but right away from Grimsby and Skegness to Addlethorpe and Mablethorpe and beyond an immense forest lies buried, drowned by the encroachment of the North Sea. Immersed trunks and roots can still be seen in calm, still weather.

Peace on the Waters

A London newspaper has just brought up from its remote past a bit of news 60 million years old.

This contribution, found below our contemporary's foundations, was a pearly nautilus which basked on the neighbouring seas before Britannia rose from the waves to rule them.

An innocent life it led, this relative of the cuttles, as it floated on oceans whose boundaries we can only guess at, and we like to think that among all the vicissitudes of life it found peace and an honoured grave.

Something For 270 Men

A coal seam has cropped up for the benefit of the unemployed.

A Chesterfield company has obtained permission from the Railway and Canal Commission to work a Derbyshire coal seam which runs under Hasland now in the Chesterfield borough.

The geologists have certified that it will produce 338,000 tons of coal, worth about a quarter of a million, and the company are satisfied that it will provide over three years' work for 270 miners.

So everybody should be satisfied, the miners most of all.

A BIG IDEA TO COME

Underground Roads

A plan for the roads is the idea behind the coming exhibition of the Royal Society of British Architects. It is not big enough.

It follows up the idea of last year, which, by photographs and models, showed how new building estates and new garden cities should be laid out so as to be useful and ornamental in themselves and add to the beauty of the countryside instead of taking away from it.

This year's exhibition will attempt in the same way to show how the main first-class roads and the second-class roads between towns and villages should be laid out so as to make communication easier and better. What the organisers of the show aim at proving is a plan on a national scale. If this is laid down well and truly there will be less congestion of traffic and less ugliness when and where it flows freely.

The exhibition will show what other countries are doing and what we might and should do, and if it succeeds in bringing about agreement between road users and building users it will be on the right way.

But it seems to us that to plan roads on the map as it is at present is to ignore the demands of the future. The number of vehicles on the roads is yearly, almost hourly, increasing. There were more accidents last year than ever before, due not to increased negligence or fewer precautions, but solely to the growth in the numbers of vehicles. Ten years from now there will be millions more cars on the roads, and no multiplication of these roads as they are now will meet the demand.

No plan for the future will be adequate which leaves out of account the underground road.

The Big Idea includes the construction of roads underground on the scale of the Mersey Tunnel. Nothing smaller will get rid of the coming congestion.

The Quins Retire

Now that the Dionne Quins are retiring into private life at the age of five, with £200,000 to their joint account, we may congratulate them on their excellent start in life.

They were born with something better than silver spoons in their five mouths. Without effort they became one of the world's wonders, and by their mere existence they made their own fortunes. Doing nothing, they have fared far better than the talented boy who, having made a million dollars on the films, cannot get it now that he is grown up.

Something the Dionne five owe to advertisement, but it was not of their doing, and they are young enough not to want more of it, and old enough to enjoy the privacy into which they now retire.

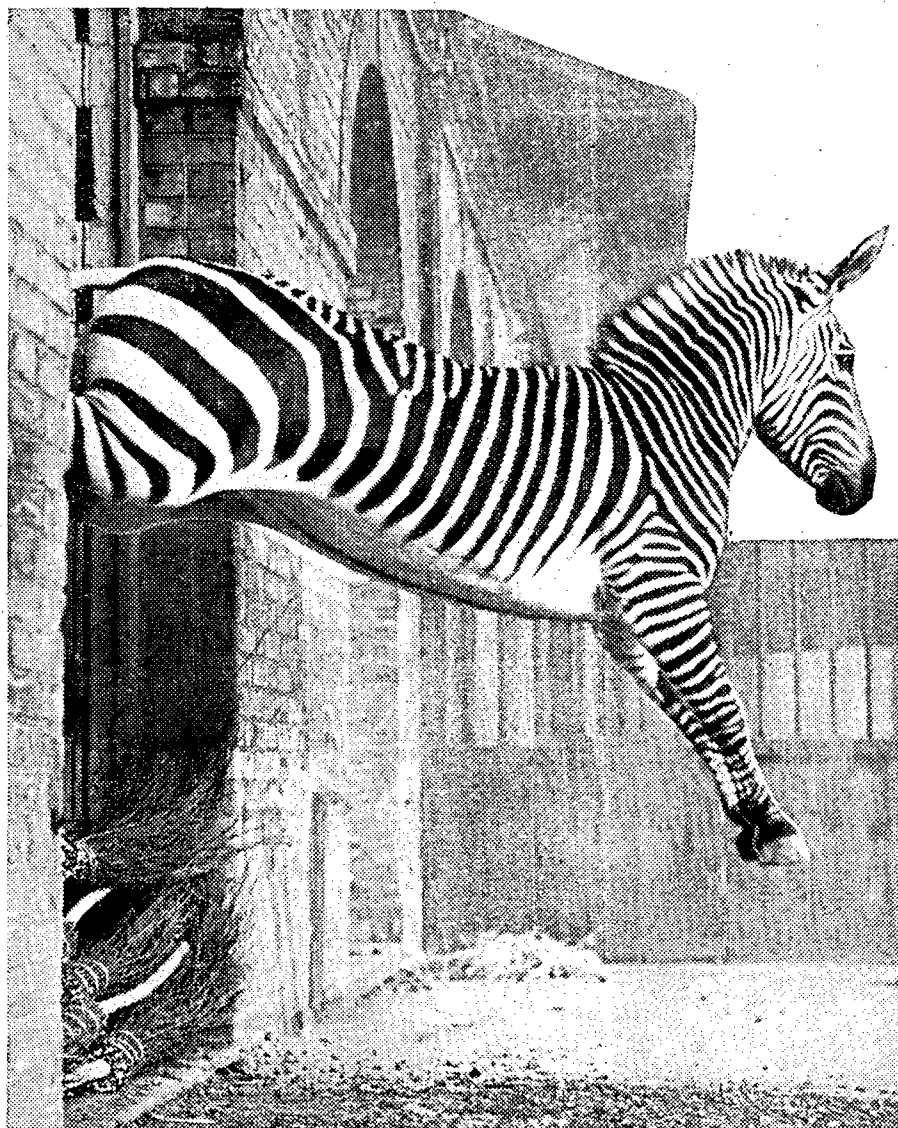
The Rovers Are 21

The Rover Scouts are to celebrate their coming-of-age this year.

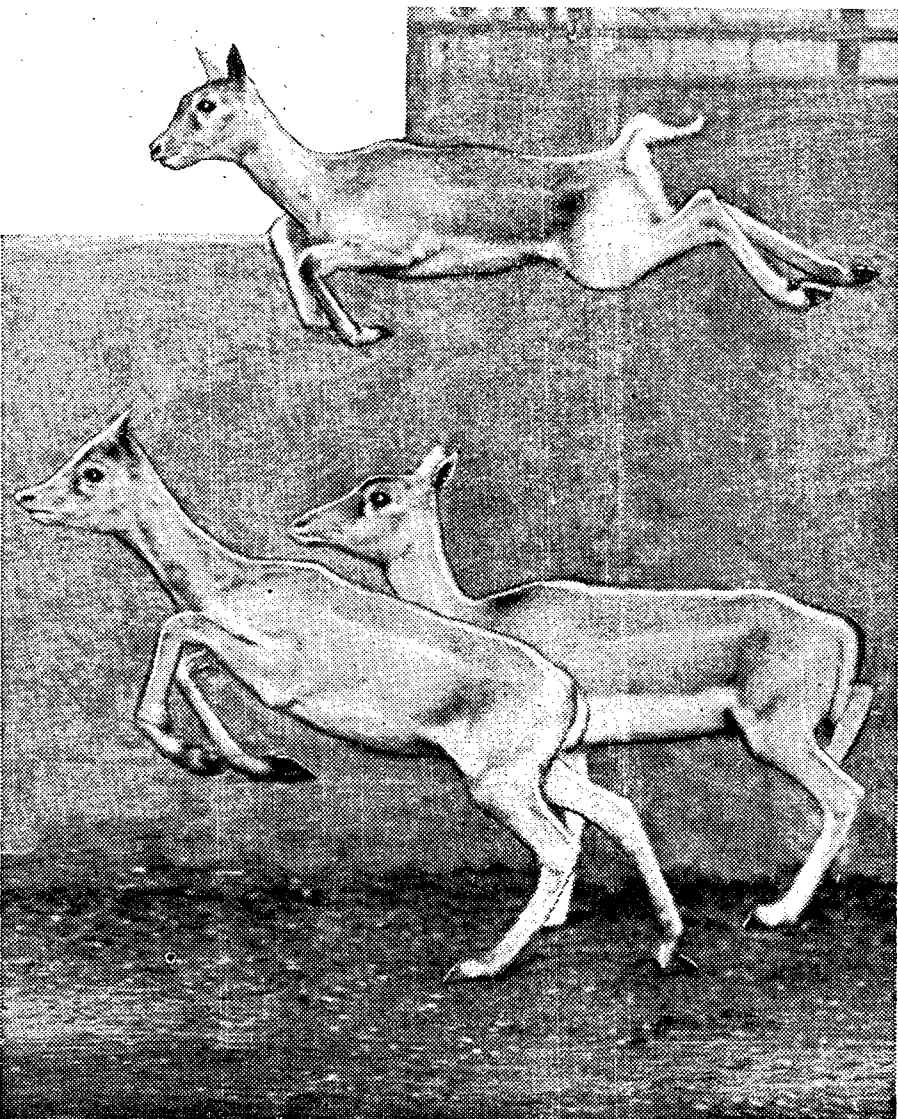
The celebrations will coincide with the Third World Rover Scout Moot, which is to take place in the grounds of Monzie Castle, near Crieff in Perthshire, from July 15 to 26.

It is expected that 8000 men will attend the camp. They will come from all over the world, and already notifications have been received from France, Latvia, Bulgaria, Siam, Japan, Finland, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, and Sweden, and many parts of the Empire. One Polish and two Australian Rover Scouts set out from Sydney last July in a 50-foot yawl. They are to visit the Moot in the course of a round-the-world voyage. Two Rover Scouts from Malaya are also on the way, sailing a 30-foot boat.

High Spirits at the Zoo



A Mountain Zebra from South Africa takes a flying leap into the fresh air at the London Zoo



High above its two companions springs a Black Buck from India

GREAT NEW WAY

The Day When Big Ships W

If the nations would set to work to make a better world what could they not do? Think only of developing great waterways.

Germany, France, and Russia are of one mind in seeing a future for grand canals.

Germany would make one to link the North Sea and the Baltic, through the Kiel Canal, to the Black Sea. France, reviving an idea the Romans had, would join the Atlantic to the Mediterranean by a short cut linking Bordeaux with Narbonne. Russia is actually busy on a vast scheme for linking five seas by canal.

These avenues of approach would be better worth while than lines of defence, if the nations would roll up the war map of Europe and unroll a better one of peace and progress. To see what is proposed we should unroll the map of Europe for ourselves in a large-scale atlas.

Linking Rhine and Danube

The German canal would join the River Main, which flows into the German Rhine, with the Danube. The greater part of industrial Germany, Westphalia and all Bavaria, and a score of German towns of credit and renown, Dusseldorf and Cologne, Heidelberg and Coblenz, would be joined to the waterway of the Danube. The Danube flows past Vienna and Budapest, through Hungary and Yugoslavia, and so by way of the Iron Gates into Rumania before it empties itself into the Black Sea.

It would carry German goods to Turkey and the Near East, and there they could be transported by the network of railways, owing their origin to the enterprise of Turkey and of Riza Khan Pahlevi, Shah of Persia, who lives still, pushing forward his schemes for a progressive Persia. Riza Pahlevi, who has modelled himself on Kemal, whose origin was not unlike his own, aspires to become, like him, the benevolent dictator of a Westernised country.

If these schemes prosper West and East would have links through land frontiers, instead of being separated by the salt-estranging sea. In the centuries when Germany was a jigsaw puzzle of small independent States the East was far distant from it. Before Prussia appeared as a consolidating influence there were centuries when silk and spices came by a

long sea route round the Cape. In the future oil and rubber may come to Germany by inland water transport to pay for what Germany has to sell.

It need not be supposed that this will come about in the near future, because the Rhine-Danube Canal cannot at the most hopeful estimate of General Goering be finished for six years, and when it is ready it will not be a Panama Canal joining two oceans.

This is even truer of the French plan for a canal to join the Garonne, which flows into the Gironde at Bordeaux, to Narbonne. Several other rivers flow into the Gironde or the Garonne. There is the Tarn, on which stands Albi with its magnificent fortress cathedral; the Lot, which almost surrounds Cahors, with its famous bridge; and the Dordogne, where the men of the Stone Age had their shelters. These rivers, though of wonderful beauty, are not navigable for big ships, nor does the sandbanked estuary of the Gironde favour them. But the smaller rivers would supply water, and dredging might do the rest.

At any rate, the plan is to make a waterway, the Canal des Deux Mers, 300 miles long, 250 yards wide, and deep enough to float the biggest ships. One purpose of this scheme, as seen by patriotic Frenchmen, would be to enable a French fleet to steam from its base at Brest to the Mediterranean without having to go round Spain and through the Straits of Gibraltar. Such a canal would then be a French Panama.

Panama's canal was the dream of a Frenchman, who saw in it the link



Map of Europe showing clearly the three great waterways from the North Sea to the Black Sea and the deepening of rivers. It will be seen that Russia has many

IS ABOUT EUROPE

Will Sail Across the Continent

between the Atlantic and the Pacific, but who scarcely could have thought that it might enable America to move her fleet from one ocean to fight in another. We may hope that such a use for it may never arise, and in the same spirit trust that the French Canal des Deux Mers, which would shorten the voyage between the west of France and the Mediterranean by a week, will be used not for war but for the enlargement of commerce, and, through it, for the desire for peace.

It was Rudyard Kipling who last century gave us a story of the Seven Seas, and the great Russian canal scheme is now giving us a wonderful story of Five Seas. They are the Caspian Sea, the White Sea, the Baltic Sea, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azov. Two are in the north and three in the south, and almost midway between them, separated from the nearest by hundreds of miles, is Moscow. Yet Russia plans to make Moscow one of the greatest ports in the world.

If we look at the map we may see how it is to be done. Part of the scheme is already complete, for the Baltic Sea and the White Sea are linked by canal, and there is a waterway to the Volga, so that today the White Sea, the Caspian, and the Baltic are all linked together, a marvellous piece of engineering. Ships sailing north up the Black Sea, into the Sea of Azov, and up the River Don are not yet able to go north till they reach either the Baltic or the White Sea; but in a few years they will be able to go by canal into the broad waters of

the Volga, which Russia intends to be the deepest and most powerful waterway in the world.

By 1945 the Volga-Don Canal should be open to big vessels, for the scheme now being carried out will provide south Russia with a waterway between 109 and 207 yards wide, and from about 27 to 63 feet deep. Capable of taking ships up to 18,000 tons, the canal, which is to link the Sea of Azov, the River Don, and the River Volga, is part of a scheme to cost about £140,000,000, but the vast undertaking is well worth while. It will mean that the railways in the Volga area will be freed from the necessity of carrying 30 million tons of coal a year, besides 25 million tons of timber and vast quantities of oil.

Regulating a River's Flow

Ships will carry these, and the railways will be able to deal with other goods. Moreover, the Volga-Don waterway will provide a water supply for the parched areas of Stalingrad and Rostov and Kalmuck, while at the same time regulating the flow of the River Don so as to prevent flooding in the south over areas amounting to 750,000 acres. Nor is this all, for, quite apart from the value these waterways will have for industry and commerce, the Volga-Don electric stations are expected to develop over 2000 million kilowatt-hours of energy for use in the rapidly developing industrial regions of the south.

The engineers responsible for this gigantic scheme intend to build a dam about eight miles long crossing the River Don, raising the level of the water by very many feet, the reservoir to contain about 70,000 million cubic yards of water. There is no doubt that the face of Nature will be completely altered, and we may be sure the millions spent on this tremendous undertaking will bring an abundant reward.

At this moment the need of all European nations is to develop the resources they have in brains and labour to the best advantage. There is no surer method than that of improving the ways and means of transport, in which nearly every advance has spelt prosperity to all in the past, and should do so in the future. Even the aeroplane, which in some of its later employments has seemed to belie such hopes, may in the future be brought into line.



West to East made possible by the construction of new canals. Other canals linking rivers to form a network of waterways.

Signs of Spring



A smiling little maid with an armful of golden daffodils freshly gathered in a Kent nursery



Tea and tennis in the sunshine in the gardens of Lincoln's Inn, London

JUNGLE LAW AT THE ZOO

The Tyrant of Monkey Hill

The law of the jungle is in full operation on Monkey Hill at the Zoo.

A year ago 80 rhesus monkeys, animals regarded with deep veneration by the natives of India, were liberated in the enclosure, with the result that the biggest male established a tyrannous rule over his smaller companions.

He became the lord of a numerous body of adherents; the rest crept timorously away at his approach and yielded him his choice of food when the monkeys were fed together. All flourished in the open air, but during the winter they have the comfort of heated caves in which to sleep and pass the chillier hours of dark days.

So great was the fear of the tyrant, however, that 15 of the smaller monkeys perished of cold rather than risk encountering him by entering these heated shelters. But, thriving on good food and relative freedom, other males are now creeping up in size and strength, and every day the likelihood of the tyrant being challenged to battle grows increasingly evident. There will be a terrific conflict, in which he will triumph and renew his rule, or he will be vanquished and another bully as relentless as himself will govern the company.

Little Ishmael

Thus the ways of India are reproduced before our eyes. In the wilds the male monkey kills a newly-born male, permitting only the females to survive. The habits of such a ruffian become known to the others, and a mother monkey, warned by past experience, will creep away with her little Ishmael into the recesses of the jungle or high up among the wooded hills. There she will stay with it until it is old enough to feed and care for itself, when she returns to the family.

The youngster lives in solitude, or he may from time to time hang about the outskirts of the troupe of which his mother is a member, but he must not come within reach of the leader until he is big and strong enough to challenge the bully. Then there is a grim battle, in which youth and ambition are as a rule triumphant, the old fellow being either killed or so humiliated that he is glad to creep away and leave the sovereignty of the tribe to his vanquisher.

We Are Like the Toadstool

It is hard to be called a toad, harder still to be compared to a toadstool, but Dr Ramsbottom, President of the Linnean Society, explained the other day why toadstools and human beings have something in common.

His argument is that, whereas all the plants except the fungi have to make their own food, absorbing the salts of the earth, and with the aid of sunlight and chlorophyll (the green chemical all plants possess) transforming these crude materials into sugar and starch for their food, toadstools take no such trouble. Nor does a human being, or any animal. The toadstools just acquire all the food they need ready-made without having need to transform it. They just grow.

Man does more than just grow, but he also lives and increases on food that has been prepared for him, sometimes eating plants which have become food suited to his wants, and sometimes animals which have also fed on food prepared for them.

Everything except the innocent green plants feeds on some other food producer, and man, like the toadstool, leaves others to do the spade work.

Woodford is protesting against the proposal to build a road across the village green where cricket has been played for 200 years.

The Last Book of a Great Writer

Travels in the North. By Karel Capek. Allen and Unwin, 7s 6d.

ALMOST every day we see in our papers the word Robot, which is used to describe things which do many of the things that man does but are only machines.

The word comes from the play by the great Czech dramatist Karel Capek, whose death has robbed the Czech race of one of its most famous sons. He was only in mid-life, and was taken from the country he loved in its darkest hour. Capek was true to the great leader of his people, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, and he too loved freedom.

A Lover of the North

Before he died he wrote and illustrated this charming book. The pictures are delightful, and the book itself is worthy of the pictures, jolly and unaffected and yet everywhere showing the mind of a man who loves these northern lands, Denmark and Norway and Sweden, and finds in them something that other nations in Europe have lost or are losing. He goes to see the North, and he finds it good. Its people are still free.

The book is enough to make every reader want to see for himself the northern lands in the long day.

Here there is no night, and there is not even day; here are only the morning hours, when the sun is still low, all golden with the dawn and silvery with the dew, the fine sparkling sun of early day; and then without a break come the hours of late afternoon, when the sun is already low, turning gold with the sunset, already purple and misty with the sweet melancholy of evening. It is only morning without beginning, passing over into evening without end.

A Perfect Race

But this Czech writer thinks not only of the mountains and rocks and waters of the North, and of the "lovely Lapland night" of which Wordsworth wrote: he looks at the people and finds them also good. It would be pleasant to quote what he says about the Danes and the Norwegians. But we must be content to report what he has to say of the other nation which has its home in Sweden.

He discovers, what every visitor to Stockholm sees for himself, that it is a busy, tidy, and apparently a fairly rich town. "It has crowds of bronze kings, cyclists, and handsome leggy girls, and fellows almost to a man larger than lifesize; it is a perfect race, but they have no racial theory to account for it." (This is a "dig" at somebody!) Here

cars do not hoot and chauffeurs do not swear. Here is the huge Osberg Radhus, the largest modern palace he has ever seen, "with halls so majestic that they might be better for divine service..."; here are gay streets with orange, blue, red shutters for all the windows; and the city is built upon islands, so many the postman must have a hard journey.

But it is the way in which the Swedes live together that he remembers most. It is, he thinks, a nation of gentlemen. The people trust one another. Sometimes by the roadside the traveller finds a rough table. Somewhere from the solitudes the farmer puts churns here with milk from his herds; and from the town he is brought flour or nails, and he comes here to fetch them when he has time. But perhaps such customs may be found in the countryside in other lands; it seems to be easier for people to trust each other in the country.

The traveller looks out for little things, and by them he discovers what the people are like. When he sees these Swedes, with their orderly and courteous ways—they hate litter; they never think of scrambling for places, they wait their turn—he says: "If it is like this in everything it might not be difficult to be king here; for it is certainly not the worst job to govern people who are gentlemen."

Road Courtesy

But, as we know, the road provides the best test of a people. In this northern land the visitor reports:

You meet a wagon which goes into the ditch to make way for you; you meet a car which at a distance backs so that you can drive through; and the other driver doesn't curse you at all, but he touches his cap and greets you. And every man at the wheel greets another at the wheel who passes him; and he greets every cyclist and pedestrian. And these greet every carriage which stirs up the dust for them on the road. Petty things, I know; but the wanderer gathers a little flower along the road, and picks up some trifle to keep for a souvenir. In this land, so the great dramatist declares, "the wanderer feels more a man and a gentleman than anywhere else in the world."

But some reader will say, "What small nations these are! There are not as many people in Sweden as there are in Greater London!" Yes; but what makes a nation great? Surely these little nations of the North have something which is far more precious than numbers. And they must be proud that so great a writer saw and loved their North, and found it good.

OUR GOOD NAME

The Tribute of an Enemy

The prestige of Great Britain, says the Prime Minister, never stood higher than it does today.

It is gratifying to us all to hear that said, and to find its accuracy verified by tributes to our aims, conduct, and character paid by writers and orators both in Europe and the United States.

Even Herr Hitler in Mein Kampf reveals how he came to understand and respect us during and after the Great War. The Hitler of our ancestors' days was Napoleon, to whom all our anxieties throughout the greater part of his career were due. Yet Napoleon, although he fought against us, respected England.

As a poor young man studying British history at Auxonne he sought to earn money for the relief of his widowed mother and his brothers and sisters by writing a history of his native Corsica. At that time Theodore, the last King of Corsica, was an impoverished refugee in England, where private debtors caused him to be imprisoned for money which he could not repay them.

The Capital of Freedom

Napoleon wrote a sketch which, embodying the facts fairly accurately, presented them in the form of an imaginary correspondence between Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, and the unhappy debtor, who is here supposed to have written him an appeal from his prison cell.

"Poor wretch," replies the Premier, "groaning in our prisons, you suffer and are unfortunate. These are indeed excellent reasons for an Englishman's pity. Receive, therefore, £120 per annum for your maintenance and quit your prison."

To Napoleon in those days England seemed, as to many nations she still seems today, the abode and very capital of freedom.

Ambition drove him on to wars that eventually cost him his empire and his freedom, and then, in the hour of darkness, when all earthly glory for him had passed away, he turned again to his ancient opinion respecting us, and, having yielded himself a prisoner on board a British war vessel, wrote to the nation through the Prince Regent: I come, like Themistocles, to throw myself on the hospitality of the British people. I put myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your Royal Highness, as the most powerful and generous of my enemies.

French scholars declare that that letter was an entirely honest expression of Napoleon's feelings.

The Road Scandal Settles Down

The road casualties have now settled down to a steady bad level. Here are three years' results:

1936—6561 killed, 227,813 injured
1937—6590 killed, 226,355 injured
1938—6595 killed, 226,854 injured

The human mind is so strangely constituted that if these figures came from a war zone many people would be horrified and press hotly for means to stop the slaughter. But having the horror at home we pass it over. Comment on road disasters has almost ceased.

We take leave to say that it is a public scandal that the authorities are so lax in this matter and magistrates so lenient. It is distressing to find that accidents to children under 15 are increasing; last year 42 more children were killed than in the year before.

Bridge of Memory

Not long ago Gordon Hallworth, a young Cheshire man, died of exposure on the mountains round Keswick; finding that Greenup Ghyll bridge was down, he made a detour and was lost. Now his father is to replace the bridge as a memorial to his son.

GIVE THEM SOMETHING TO DO

The Spirit of Our Idle Men

Just over 12 months ago the unemployed men and women of Hadfield, near Glossop, realising that a nursery school was needed in the town and that money to build one was scarce, decided to do the work themselves.

They visited other nursery schools to find out what was wanted, and at last they thought they had ideas and plans enough, and set to work. They built a place, and during the long winter months made beds, washstands, tables, chairs, and toys, while the women folk made pillowcases, towels, curtains, and so on.

Then came a disappointment, for they could not get State aid for the school unless they had a more permanent building. It would take more than a little set-back like that to daunt them, however, so they set about erecting a building that would qualify for State aid.

Today Hadfield's Nursery School is a splendid monument to the spirit of our unemployed, and one more added to a thousand reasons why the Government should give them work to do.

THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

The Better it Will Be

Accepting an invitation of the Hitler Youth Movement, thirty workers of the Austin Motor Company are to spend a fortnight working in a German factory at Westphalia in August.

Dr Kurt Blohm, the foreign relations officer of the movement, has visited Birmingham and West Bromwich to discuss the exchange of British and German workers.

This is excellent. Nothing could do more for peace and understanding than for parties of old and young Britons and Germans to exchange visits and make acquaintance with each other's schools and factories. In doing so, they see not only institutions but life as it is lived.

Flying With Flowers

Italy is to increase her export trade in flowers by using aeroplanes. It is hoped that Sicily will be able to send thousands of orange blossoms across Europe, as it is believed that there will be a demand for these at weddings.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Why They Were Thankful

The teacher of a group of American children, aged six to ten, after reviewing the story of the first Thanksgiving Day, asked them to name something for which they were specially thankful.

Spontaneously, shouting to be heard above the rest, they poured out this song of gratitude, which is set down exactly as they gave it:

For peace.
For liberty.
For holidays and fun.
For goodness all around us.
Because there are no wars near us.
For justice—some countries haven't it.
For freedom.
For health and happiness.
Because everything is all right.
For plenty of food.
For a good Government.
For our good, rich country.
For warm houses.
For machinery to help us.
For all the nice things around.
For the Red Cross to help people.
For light at night (from a foreign child whose native village had no lights).
For rain and sun to help things to grow.
For all our cattle and sheep.
For plenty of water.
For good clothes, not poor rags.
For trees to prevent floods.
For toys to give away.
For puppies and kittens and horses.
For birds; for the wild life that is left.
For snow-ploughs.
For books and maps.
For paints and crayons to make pretty pictures.
For songs and games.
For good schools and churches.
For everything beautiful.

At least one teacher is praying that her gratitude may be as unselfish, as pure, and as inclusive as that of these little children.

Lord Trent's Good Idea

Lord Trent, in opening a new factory for Boots, his famous firm of chemists, made use of the occasion to appeal for the unemployed.

He had a suggestion to make which the C N most heartily welcomes, for we have long urged it ourselves. Why not set idle shipyards at work to make some small cruising ships?

Luxury liners were not wanted, but smaller ships which would carry the working-classes on their holidays would be a boon that would soon pay its way. Germany subsidises such ships and sends its workmen on cruises in them.

Great Britain, a seagoing land, might well do as much, or more, sending the £3 a week workman to holiday at sea.

A small subsidy would guarantee the shipowners against loss, and would be money better spent than in paying out money without providing employment.

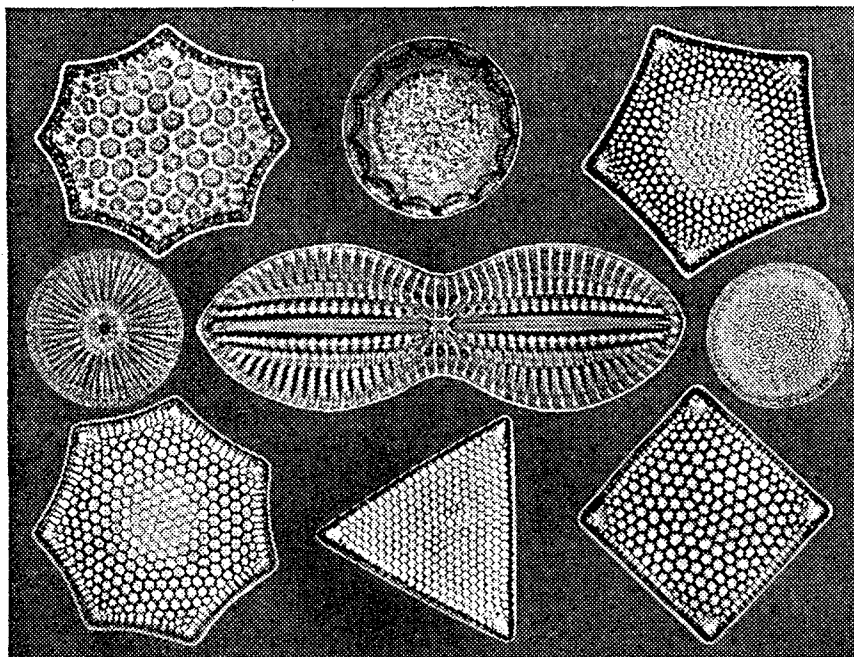
Peck's Bad Boy

Few boys and girls today have ever heard of Peck's Bad Boy, but older readers of the C N are not likely to forget him, for he was a great favourite last century, and his odd doings and sayings made fine reading.

He was really Edward Watson, who was born in Wisconsin in 1861, and found work as a telegraph messenger at Milwaukee. Somehow he was always getting into mischief, though most of his pranks were quite harmless; and so pleasant was the lad and so droll were some of his adventures that Mr George Peck, editor of Peck's Sun, a weekly periodical, wrote about him in his paper. Later his stories of Peck's Bad Boy were published in book-form, and read with delight on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr Peck became Governor of Wisconsin and Mayor of Milwaukee; and his Bad Boy became a paving inspector, who died not long ago at Milwaukee.

A Discovery in Skye

PRECIOUS SPECKS FROM AGES PAST



A highly magnified group of diatoms, the skeletons of minute plants

WE have long been familiar with the process of mining the air for nitrogen. Now we hear that a new industry is to be begun in Skye.

After two years of searching geologists have discovered in this lonely Scottish island a rich deposit of diatomite, a mineral in great demand today, used for explosives, paints, radio sets, toothpaste, and refrigerators. As Great Britain has hitherto produced very little of it she has been compelled to import it in great quantities. Last year we bought about 75,000 tons, for which we paid £225,000.

It is good news for the people in the neighbourhood of Staffin that this valuable mineral has been found at the

bottom of a lake, and that there is believed to be 300,000 tons of it. Very soon a new industry will begin in Skye, and there will be work for many who had begun to think they would never have a chance again.

Diatomite, as the name implies, is made up of diatoms, the skeletons of minute plants. Mixed with sand and mud, it is found in layers of varying thicknesses, a deposit near Hanover in Germany being 150 feet thick. The chief constituent is silica.

It is indeed wonderful to think that the humblest life of millions of years ago should be serving us in so many important ways today.

News of a Cook

THIS fairy-tale of the work-a-day world comes from the Opportunity School "open to all who wish to learn" in Denver, Colorado.

A mother of three children lost her husband. That meant that she must set about earning the living for the family; but what could she do? Hunt work as a shop assistant was the best idea she could think of, but she was too timid to meet the public. To overcome her shyness she enrolled in a public-speaking class at the Opportunity School.

At last, after listening to many of the others make their first speeches, her turn came to speak. But what could she talk about? She was no authority on world affairs, for years she had had no time for books or the theatre, she was not strong on politics. But there was one thing she did know thoroughly—how to cook a good dinner. So she talked about that. She put her whole heart and soul into it, as she had put her whole heart and soul every day of the year for many years

into preparing the meals that kept her children healthy and strong. She spoke of the science behind it, but one could see from the glow in her face that to her it was really an art.

She sat down; the students applauded. She had fairly made their mouths water describing with such eloquence and enthusiasm her succulent food!

Because this is a true fairy-tale, it happened that there was a visitor in the room that evening. As the students filed out he spoke to the timid woman. He was the sales manager of a company manufacturing gas stoves. He told her there was a post for her as soon as she cared to accept it, telling audiences of interested women how to cook a good dinner on the XX Gas Cooker. It is work she believes in, work into which she puts her whole heart and soul, and she knows her subject so well she quite forgets to be shy. The timid little widow found her niche in the world by just being herself.

Happiness on Mutiny Island

MOST of us know that the famous mutineers of the Bounty took refuge in the tiny island of Pitcairn, named after the English midshipman who first saw it in 1767.

The island is indeed lonely, for it is about halfway between Panama and New Zealand, and measures only two square miles. The mutineers could have chosen no more unfrequented spot. Colonial Office reports by recent visitors give some remarkable details of life on Pitcairn.

The population is 209; the oldest inhabitant is Mary Ann McCoy, aged 87; the oldest man is Vieder Young, aged 80. There is an enormous rat population. The people are strong and courageous, the children healthy, well-clothed, and

intelligent. There are four teachers, paid £6 to £12 a year. The school has 47 children, and we are told they make a noise "indescribable." They spell as they like, and have an appalling standard, but outside school they are bright enough. Their English is hardly to be understood. They do what they like without correction.

The island's chief crop is oranges, giving an annual income of about £2000. The only tax is on firearms, sixpence a year. This serves to buy paper for the Chief Magistrate.

Culture is low and cooking is deplorable, but the islanders are religious and happy. The island is well kept and cultivated, and it is good to say of Mutiny Island that it is very loyal.

EXILES OF LEARNING

Oxford's Unknown Scholar

All hearts must be stirred by the appeal of the Society for the Protection of Science and Learning for funds with which to carry on their humane work.

Their work is to provide education at universities and other institutions for young scholars and scientists who by reason of race, religion, or political opinions have had their careers cut short.

Here is a renewal of a task carried out in this country during the four years of the Great War, when many refugees from Belgium and elsewhere, driven from their homes continued their lessons in our own schools and universities. Among them were the present King of the Belgians and his brother and sister.

This hospitality to scholars from abroad is almost as old as universities themselves. One abiding result of this amiable practice is that the very first name preserved on the rolls of Oxford University is a foreigner's. He is a nobody immortalised by the fact that, first named of all the long list of pupils at the university, he appears twice in the records, first in 1196 and again in the following year.

Friend of Richard Lionheart

Surnames did not exist in his day, so he is entered as "Nicholas, clerk of Hungary," clerk being the term then used to describe a scholar. His coming to Oxford is both mystery and romance, for he was introduced by Richard Lionheart, and the records state that the king holds himself responsible for the payment of not less than half a mark a week, payment for the food and tuition of the young visitor.

How Richard and young Nicholas became acquainted is not known, but such hospitality to scholars was then widespread. Even in war students travelled as a matter of course from university to university all over Europe. John of Salisbury, Thomas Becket, and Stephen Langton all studied in Paris, the English being one of the four nations for whom special provision was made. At Bologna University the foreign students were grouped into 13 nations. Thus in this new work of mercy we are but stating afresh the creed of our ancestors, that science and learning know no boundaries.

Finding Work

At one of the meetings of this society for protecting learning it was stated that work has been found for 550 scholar exiles in 37 countries, from Australia to Venezuela. For another 330 temporary work has been found in 25 countries.

Turkey, which used to be thought a backward country, has welcomed many; and, in general, Europe's loss has been the world's gain. Great Britain has profited largely by the influx of these refugees, men of learning and wisdom, fitted by their genius to instruct the rising generation.

Some of the earliest came not from Middle Europe, but from Russia; but it is an odd commentary on the exodus that Russia has been the country to ask any of them back again. They recalled young Professor Kapitza, who worked under Lord Rutherford.

Reservoir of Knowledge

Of the 800 professors and scholars for whom work has been found all over the world, and largely in the United Kingdom and the United States, about 200 are doctors or engaged in medical research, 100 in chemistry, 60 in physics, 50 in biology, 39 in mathematics.

The Society keeps a register of exiled scholars, and any institution needing a good man may apply to it for the services of exceptional ability and training which these exiles can supply.

What a reservoir of knowledge this places before our eyes, and what a roll of intellect for future generations to wonder at!

PROCYON'S SOLAR SYSTEM

A Fiery Planet Dying Down

By the C N Astronomer

We were considering the other week the evolution of worlds far beyond the limits of our Solar System, such as the "companion" of Sirius. Let us now study an even more remarkable world-to-be that revolves round Procyon.

That brilliant first-magnitude star may be found some way above and a little to the left of Sirius, almost midway between him and the Twins, which are not far from overhead between 9 and 10 o'clock. Procyon is then due south, and, as Alpha Canis Minoris, represents the only prominent star in the constellation of the Lesser Dog. It is a strange coincidence that Procyon should, like Sirius, possess a "tail," as it were, to wag this lesser dog-star, but it is so.

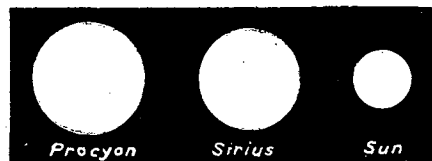
A Heavy Companion

It is in fact the more wonderful because this tail, known as Procyon B, appears to be a much smaller planetary body than Sirius B. Of only thirteenth magnitude, it radiates about 33,000 times less light than our Sun, whereas Procyon himself radiates nearly 5½ times more. Actually Procyon radiates about 180,000 times more light than his planetary companion, but, strange to say, weighs but little more than three times as much. From this we learn there is little more than three times as much material in the immense Procyon as in the apparently tiny companion.

Actually Procyon is a larger sun than Sirius, as is shown in our picture; but Procyon is a much older sun and more advanced in stellar evolution, being of the type F₅, and so approaching the condition of our Sun, which is type G; whereas Sirius is of the highly incandescent type A. Procyon's surface temperature is therefore between 6500 and 7000 degrees Centigrade, compared with the 6000 degrees of our Sun and the 11,000 degrees of Sirius.

The difference in colour between Procyon and Sirius is obvious, and indicates an advance in age and cooling, like white-hot iron compared with yellowish. So, although Procyon is larger than Sirius, he is not nearly so bright, Sirius radiating about 4½ times more light than Procyon. Moreover, the fact that Procyon is 696,000 times farther away than our Sun as compared with 556,950 times, the distance of Sirius, further reduces Procyon's comparative brilliance.

He is thus one of our Sun's nearest neighbours, and it is therefore the more astonishing that both he and Sirius should possess planetary bodies with elements so very much heavier



The relative sizes of Procyon, Sirius, and our Sun. The Earth on this scale would be invisible

than anything with which we are acquainted in our Solar System.

Procyon's world-to-be revolves round him once in about 40 years in an orbit very similar to that of Sirius B, but, judging from the much less light which it radiates, Procyon B appears to be a much smaller body. Against this conclusion, however, we have to bear in mind that Procyon's solar system is much more advanced in age, in which case Procyon B would be radiating much less light from equal areas of surface than Sirius B; Procyon B may therefore be much the larger body. This, of course, must modify our idea of the great weight of its elements.

In any case, what has been definitely revealed completely upsets our assumption

CAT'S CRADLE

Universal Language of Play

It will be strange if, with so many refugee children in our midst from Spain and Germany, our children do not come by new additions to their stock of games.

We are going to extend the range of our own, for this summer fifty or sixty schoolgirls drawn from Harrogate, Cheltenham, Roedean, and Bexhill are going out to Canada to teach Canadian girls to play cricket, and to learn in turn from them, at a camp in the Rocky Mountains, to enjoy life in the wilds.

Our girls will doubtless have more games than cricket to teach their Canadian cousins, and assuredly they will pick up from them games the Canadian girls have learned from the Red Indians. Nothing better promotes goodwill and understanding than the mastery of games. Although we derived polo and games played with rackets from the East, we have taught the world cricket and football, and most of the pastimes that develop the team spirit.

But travellers have had rare surprises at times on discovering that games supposed by us to have been our own are worldwide recreations.

In the Wilds of Borneo

It is often a matter for surprise and pleasure to travellers to find cat's cradle played just as we play it throughout Europe, in Asia, in New Zealand by the Maoris, in Australia by the natives, and in isolated islands of the Pacific.

When Alfred Russel Wallace was exploring with a friend in the wilds of Borneo among the once-dreaded head-hunting Dyaks there came a wet day when he had to shelter in a native hut. Many boys and young men were present, so Wallace, thinking to amuse them with something new, pulled out a piece of string and busied himself with cat's cradle. "Greatly to my surprise," he says, "they knew all about it, and more than I did, for one of the boys took it off my hands and made several new figures which quite puzzled me."

Equally surprising was the discovery of Professor Haddon, the famous anthropologist, when, entering a native New Guinea hut, he found a tiny black boy playing cat's cradle by himself. The boy explained that his people do not play the game in pairs, but singly; and, as if to preserve his dignity, he proceeded to bewilder the professor with a series of intricate developments effected by the use of teeth and toes as well as fingers.

The Comet's Discoverer

Our interest in the new comet described by the C N Astronomer last week centres around its discoverer.

Leslie Peltier, the astronomer, started life as a farmer; then he became a mechanic until his attention was directed towards the heavens. He is now attached to the Observatory of Harvard University. In 23 years Leslie Peltier has discovered six comets and a new star.

Continued from the previous column

tion of the existence of 92 elements only, and is leading to other theoretical conceptions about the construction of atoms.

Other elements mean other states of existence, and though many of the elements with which we are familiar are known to exist on these and other worlds-to-be, yet even under their conditions of terrific heat and gaseous expansion they are still subject to enormous weight and pressure. This results from the immense gravitational pull on such heavy worlds, consequently even the elements known to us would not operate in quite the same way as on much less heavy bodies.

As a result there opens up an astonishing vista of what is possible in the worlds of other solar systems and of states of existence on the surfaces of those which have cooled down. G. F. M.

RINGS

Rings are to be found among the oldest ornaments known.

They were prized by the Egyptians, who had signet rings, some adorned with coloured enamels or enriched with precious stones. The Romans had their rings, and even today rings worn by Romans in this land are brought to light during excavations.

Rich and poor wear rings. There are engagement rings and wedding rings. Kings wear rings, and at every coronation the Archbishop of Canterbury puts a ring on the King of England's finger as part of the ceremony. At Queen Victoria's coronation the archbishop pressed the ring on the wrong finger, the pain nearly making the young queen cry. James the Second threw his signet ring in the Thames when he ran away; and in Queen Elizabeth's tomb in Westminster Abbey lies the ring she gave to Essex as a pledge to protect him.

Shakespeare's Friends

Shakespeare left 26s 8d apiece to his friends Henry Condell Burbage and John Hensing to buy rings with; and we may remember that much of the interest in the last scenes of the Merchant of Venice hangs on the ring which Portia gave to Bassanio.

Only last year one of the finest collections of rings ever made was sold at Sotheby's. Gathered from the ends of the earth by Edouard Guilhou, these 800 rings, worth a fabulous sum, included some from the fingers of the Pharaohs at least 50 centuries old.

There are rings of many kinds. The plain gold band of the wedding ring is perhaps the commonest of all; but there are, or there have been, poisoned rings, rings which were supposed to act as charms, and rings engraved with mystic signs.

The Papal Rings

The heavier rings worn by the popes were at one time extravagantly ornamental, their broad hoops carrying heraldic shields and religious symbols; and once a year the Doges of Venice would throw their rings into the Adriatic as a token of marriage between the republic and the sea. In Elizabethan times posy rings were in great favour, the hoop having a rhyming inscription. Devotional rings with a hinged jewel concealing a sacred miniature were long worn; and there are mourning rings enshrining a lock of hair; rings with keys of little treasure cabinets; and gimmel rings, which are like two rings interlocked.

One of the most wonderful rings ever made was the work of John Arnold, who lived in the 18th century. He gave George the Third a ring with a watch no bigger than a sixpence. It kept good time, and the king was proud to show it to his friends.

Stories From Remote Ages

But all these rings, wonderful as they were, are not so astonishing as the rings of which stories have come down to us from remote ages. The Chinese used to tell of Corcud's ring, made of six metals, which ensured the wearer success in any undertaking. There was Solomon's magic ring, and Reynard's ring, which was said to make night as clear as day and cure disease.

Our fairy-tales are full of rings of invisibility, and of wishing rings which will accomplish miracles simply by turning them on your finger, all reminding us how deep has been man's longing to control the forces about him.

IS THIS THE ONLY LIVING WORLD?

No Man Knows

We have been told once more of late that there is no life on other worlds, but we should like to add that no man knows.

Broadcasting from the Midlands the Bishop of Birmingham had this to say of it: "It cannot be true that the earth is the only planet on which life exists. On other planets there must be consciousness; on them there must be beings with minds, some of which, presumably, are far more developed than our own."

Indeed, it seems presumptuous to suppose that, in space containing stars beyond counting, some of which must have attendant planets, there exist no other worlds which have evolved life. We know that the entire stellar universe is composed of the same elements as our own earth, our sun, and the other members of our own particular planetary system. How can we logically suppose that here alone has life appeared? It adds nobility to thought and grandeur to existence to believe that the universe contains many developed worlds, and that some day perhaps wireless waves may bring us news of them.

The Bishop also had something to say of earthly hopes, this:

When my earthly life is ended, shall I know or care for those whom I have known and loved, for the country which bred me? I hope that the answer is Yes. I hope that my soul will live on, struggling in comradeship with others for a perfection and a glory that are past words. If not—well, it is good to have lived: even though life has been but a fitful pursuit of higher things, a blundering search for truth.

Those who search for truth do not go unrewarded.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

Here are details of the School Broadcast programmes for next week.

England and Wales—National

MONDAY, 2.5 The Cultivation of Vegetables (Carrots, Beet, Parsnips): by C. F. Lawrence. 2.30 Preparatory Concert Lesson—Courtly Dance-Tunes: by J. W. Horton.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in halls). 11.25 Physical Training (for use in classrooms). 2.5 Our Parish—The Chapel. 2.30 Dramatic Reading—The Queen at Loch Leven: by Horton Giddy. 3.0 Concert Lesson—Sonata Form (2); Pianoforte.

WEDNESDAY, 2.5 World History—The Story of Richard and Blondel: by Rhoda Power. 2.30 The Growth of Plants: by H. Munro Fox.

THURSDAY, 11.25 Senior Geography (The Successful Native Farmer—A West African Village): by C. D. Forde. 2.5 The Story of Eels: by Eric Parker. 2.30 British History—An End of an Old Song (Union of England and Scotland): by R. L. Mackie. FRIDAY, 2.5 A Travel Talk—Among the Burmese: by J. S. Furnival and Maung Ohn. 2.45 Play—From a Greek Hero Story (2). 3.10 A feature programme describing all that happens to the tea-leaf before it appears in the tea-pot. 3.35 Talk for Sixth Forms (India—2, The Administrative View).

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 and 11.45 As National. 2.5 Round the Village—The Motor Engineer: by John R. Allan. 2.30 and 3.0 As National.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—S again: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The Breath of Life: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Music—Dotted Notes: by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Rooks and Their Relatives: by G. W. McAllister. 3.5 Scottish History—Mary Queen of Scots: by G. H. Evans.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography (South Africa—I, Farmers of the Veldt): by G. F. Hoy. 2.45 As National.

HITLER KNOWS No Alcohol For Youth TRUE RACE POISONS

One of the most momentous reforms of modern times is being aimed at in Germany, and we shall do well to take note of it.

The Hitler Youth Organisation, embracing youths from 14 to 21, boys and girls, has now a membership of 8,000,000. It includes for practical purposes all the children of Germany.

This great body of young people is now being taught to avoid alcohol and tobacco.

If the teaching is successful there will arise in Germany a new generation uncontaminated by what are truly race poisons, the alcohol in strong drinks and the nicotine in tobacco.

There is no question whatever that alcohol and nicotine are injurious to growth, and we know how many young girls and boys in our own country are persuaded that it is manly or womanly to indulge in drinking and smoking. Too commonly we meet quite young women and men whose nerves have been so impaired that they constantly fly to cigarettes; their fingers are stained and wherever they go they leave their smoke and ash.

If Germany can raise up new generations untainted by these poisons she will have won more than battles in building a healthy people; and we need hardly add that, whether in peace or war, a healthy body and strong nerves form a tower of strength.

Both alcohol and nicotine directly affect the nerve centres. Nicotine is such a powerful poison that a drop of it will kill a man. Both alcohol and nicotine are *dopes*, and their use is encouraged by extensive advertising.

We do not mean that a strong adult cannot take mild doses without particular harm, but we do urge very strongly that *no boy or girl should dream of taking them even in the smallest quantities.*

Competition Result

In C.N. Competition Number 72 the two neatest and correct entries were sent in by Betty Haywood, 28 Steeple Grange, Wirksworth, Derbyshire; and Doreen Toft, 6 Claremont Street, Holmes, Rotherham, Yorks. A prize of ten shillings has been sent to each of these readers.

The 25 prizes of half-a-crown were awarded to the following:

Michael Bird, Bournville; Sheila Collings, Bowes Park; Edgar Cook, Parkstone; W. G. Culpin, South Farnborough, Hants; Winifred Eckersley, Wigan; Harry Field, Blackburn; R. M. Harvey, Norton-on-Tees; T. Headey, Dunstable; R. Holder, Paddington; Elaine Jenkins, Hatfield; Joyce Kearn, Par; Jill Mackintosh, Thetford; June P. Makin, Rotherham; Joan Pike, Cheltenham; Catherine Ross, Durham; Colin Searle, Abergavenny; P. Smith, North Wingfield, nr. Chesterfield; Mollie Sparks, Exmouth; D. Stanley-Jones, Sheffield; Doris Tarlton, Muswell Hill; Helen Thompson, Liverpool; John Turner, Arnside; Joan Valentine, Tottenham; John A. Walters, Penrhynceiber; Sheila Young, Edinburgh.

The correct answers were:

1 Dart. 2 Golf club. 3 Tennis racket. 4 Vaulting horse. 5 Fishing-line float. 6 Archery target. 7 Table tennis bat. 8 Skate. 9 Croquet mallet. 10 Cricket bat. 11 Shuttlecock. 12 Hockey stick.

The prizewinners whose names are marked with an asterisk obtained a new reader and are awarded an extra 2s 6d.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of February 1914

No Smoking at Harrow. The headmaster of the famous Harrow School has imposed a wise new restriction. Not only does he not allow the boys to smoke, he forbids them to walk about Harrow with people who are smoking. Harrow old boys, when they return to their old school to see their young friends, are tempted to smoke in the schoolyard, and even in the boys' rooms, as well as out in the street. To this the headmaster objects, recognising as he does that the boys themselves may be encouraged to indulge in this injurious practice.

An Artist of Our Time HE GAVE LONDON ITS MOST NATURAL MONUMENT

At a corner of the Crimean War memorial in Waterloo Place Florence Nightingale stands, bronze lamp in hand, looking over St James's Park to the Horse Guards, and beyond.

This, the Lady of the Lamp, as her sculptor, Arthur George Walker, pictured her, seems to us the most beautiful, the most life-like of any portrait statue in London. She seems truly to live. It is not hard, as we look at it, to recall her as she walked at night, lamp in hand, among the sick and wounded whom the battles of the Crimea had brought to the wards of Scutari, made habitable by her unconquerable resolution.

The inspired vitality of that womanly figure will long outlive the sculptor whose supple fingers moulded the clay model for the bronze statue. Happily he is still among us.



The Wesley statue at Bristol, by A. G. Walker

But he models no longer, living in retirement in Dorset, far from the Chelsea studio where nearly all his life's work was done. Every artist in Chelsea knew him, and affectionately called him Hookey Walker, though we never made out why, unless it might be that men well liked by their fellows must always have a nickname.

The studio was a humble one somewhere near Cheyne Row, and was always dusty with the refuse of the sculptor's craft. It was dustier than most, because, though Hookey Walker did a great deal of modelling in clay, the hammer and the chisel were his favourite tools, and

marble was the material of his choice. He was the only sculptor in England who from beginning to end carved from the marble block to the finished subject with his own hands. Perhaps that was why his work appears so vital, so near to life.

He was the friendliest soul when at work, and would go on talking and chip-chip-chipping as he worked when he had asked anyone to the studio. He told us that when he was working on his marble statue of Sleep, which won a gold medal in Paris but remained for years in the studio till Edinburgh bought it, the model used sometimes to fall asleep, lulled by the rhythmic tap of the hammer.

His acquaintances were many, his friends a chosen few, the nearest and dearest his own brother, who was in business, but used to come at week-ends to share studio meals together. In recalling these days we seem always to have seen the two together, as another Chelsea artist painted them—the sculptor thin, eager-faced, and dark, the brother fair, ruddy, and bearded. A few years ago the brother died, to Hookey Walker's inconsolable grief; but in his last illness the news was brought to him that his beloved Hookey had been made Royal Academician. He smiled and said, "That's what I've been waiting for," and a little while after passed on to wait for his brother elsewhere.

The honour paid to the sculptor had been long delayed, for, though Walker had done a tremendous amount of work (notably the noble statue to John Wesley on his horse at Bristol), his scores of portraits and memorials brought him no great fame, though brother sculptors knew him for the true artist that he was—and is. The statue to Florence Nightingale was the first to bring him the recognition he deserves; and now in his old age it must be a source of infinite satisfaction to him that his work has been well done and will endure. It is something to have set up John Wesley for ever as he was at Bristol, and to have given all London this sight of Florence Nightingale. Both lives have touched a myriad lives, and both these figures are worthy of them, with the touch of genius and the glow of immortality in them.



Florence Nightingale

A NEW BEGINNING IN 150 VILLAGES India's New Schools

At Wardha in India seven-year-old boys and girls have started on lessons which are new to Indian Schools but will soon be copied in many villages.

Instead of starting with simple arithmetic and history and geography they are learning first how to spin yarn from cotton. Then their teacher tells them where the cotton comes from, how it grows, how much it costs before it is spun and after it is made into cloth. So, interested in the materials they are using, the children learn other things connected with their daily life and about the wide world at the same time. Then they make trays and boxes and other useful articles in cardboard, which when they are older they will make in wood.

These schools, where handicraft is the basis of all teaching, are the idea of Mahatma Gandhi, and along with the first such school in Wardha there is a training school for teachers who will use this method. The Congress Government has adopted the idea, and in 150 villages landlords have given land for the schools to be built.

Blackburn's Little Poet

Blackburn in Lancashire has a little poet who is only 12.

She is Annie Clayton, whose poems have been read by the Queen. Her book of verse is now being sold at a shilling in order to help the funds of the cathedral, and Annie is proud that the Bishop of Blackburn has written to tell her how delighted the Queen was with her book of poems. She has been writing poetry since she was nine; and among the verses in her book are these describing the Queen's visit to Blackburn last year:

*I waited for the Queen to pass,
Just me; a little country lass.
Will she be in satin fair
And wear a gold crown in her hair?
Will she wear a crown of pearls
Far too fine for country girls?
Will she wear an ermine cloak
Much too nice for us poor folk?
Will she wear a velvet cape
Tied around with golden tape?
Will she be in royal blue—
Or dressed in brown, like me or you?
Then she passed, and what d'you think?
She wore a dress of mushroom pink;
And when I got my wits together
I saw her hat pinned with a feather.*

Man's Achievement Through the Ages

With the world in its present state we may sometimes wonder whether mankind is really making progress.

If we have any doubt about this we have only to think of the condition of children in factories a century and a half ago, of the slave trade, of the state of the streets of London in the old days, of the prisons and the dreadful things that went on inside them, all under cover of the law.

A new book which has just been written on the subject of man's rise through the ages gives cause for great hopefulness. It is called *Outline of Progress* and is edited by Charles Ray.

The book is divided into six sections: Man the Master, Man the Traveller, Man the Social Animal, Man the Trader, Man the Lawmaker, and Man the Idealist. It is not a mere history of mankind, working up from the Stone Age to the Steel Age, but deals with things as they are today, and shows how they have come to be.

The work is beautifully illustrated throughout with photographs, drawings, and plates in full colour; and so that it may be brought within the reach of all it is being issued in weekly parts at ninepence. The first two parts are now on sale everywhere.

Let Me Grow Lovely, Growing Old

*Let me grow lovely, growing old,
So many old things do.*

PRESTBURY, one of Cheshire's loveliest and most famous villages, does not want to be modernised.

It is the first village in England to ask the Minister of Health for permission to protect itself from those who would destroy what is old or erect what is new. An old-world spot, it wishes to remain old; and its one desire is that it shall go on growing old graciously as the years go by.

It is believed that 90 per cent of the property owners in the neighbourhood are ready to sign an agreement for the preservation of existing buildings fronting the main street; and if Prestbury obtains the powers it is seeking it will be able to prohibit anyone demolishing a house without the consent of the rural council.

We are glad that Prestbury thinks so much of itself; and when we read the account of it in Arthur Mee's Cheshire (one of the King's England series) we are not surprised that this lovely spot should wish to remain unspoilt. It has a wonderful church, a perfect Norman chapel, a Saxon cross, and a charming street winding over the bridge across the Bollin, by old inns where coaches pulled up years ago, and past a row of cottages with no two alike. There are trees to add to the loveliness, and a fourteenth-century black-and-white house where the rector used to live. It has a platform over the doorway which an ejected rector used as a pulpit during the Commonwealth; and when we peep out of the windows and see the time-honoured charm of this proud village we do not wonder that Prestbury resents change and wishes above everything else to remain as it has been so long.

Complete in Two Parts

THE RED PLANE

By
Arthur Nettleton

CHAPTER 1

Nerve For Nothing

IN the circular turret that jutted from the roof of the Speedi Aircraft factory Harley Tomblin, manager of the concern, raised a pair of prism glasses to his eyes.

Carefully and methodically he scanned the sky, peering first at one and then at another of the planes that zoomed above. They dotted the firmament like a small swarm of flies.

In the immediate foreground was the firm's private landing-ground, where machines were being taxied in and out of the huge hangars. White-clad mechanics and helmeted pilots moved about the tarmac like a colony of ants. Even through the double windows of the observation turret the manager's eardrums vibrated with the zoom of the aero engines. He nodded his satisfaction to the tall, keen-eyed man beside him.

"Looks good, doesn't it, Hargreaves?" he stated. "There you have the result of our new schedule of production. We're turning 'em out as we ought to turn 'em out—and just as the Government wants for this new Empire Air Service. It's been hectic work, but the machines are going through their tests all right. Here! Take a look for yourself."

Hargreaves's inspection of the roaring planes brought a nod of agreement from him. Away to the horizon a squad of new machines were returning in single file from an exhaustive test. As Hargreaves watched they came rapidly nearer, with high-pitched exhaust notes that seemed to cut the very air. One by one they wheeled, and then dropped from their single line formation with almost uncanny precision. Two minutes later they were taxiing in turn across the tarmac, just as a further squadron roared into action and scudded away to windward.

"It's certainly very satisfactory," Hargreaves admitted, with his eyes still glued to the binoculars. "The time we spent in designing is being well repaid. Those machines are as near perfect as human ingenuity can make them. If the Silverwings puts up the same performance tomorrow we'll be able to congratulate ourselves still further."

The manager's eyes narrowed. "I've been thinking about that," he retorted. "The job is to find a pilot capable of handling the Silverwings properly. Putting a really big fast plane like that through her paces won't be like testing these smaller models, and—What's that?"

His hands as he spoke had snatched the binoculars from Hargreaves's grasp, and he was peering with undisguised concern at an approaching machine. It was not arriving in formation with the others. It was in fact being flown at a much lower altitude—so low that the figures on the tarmac were already making for shelter. The plane was pursuing an erratic course, and its pilot seemed to hesitate before he decided to swoop down to terra firma.

Apparently ignoring the wind, he circled the landing-ground twice, and then slewed his machine across from windward, causing the undercarriage to take a shock which made the watching manager cringe as the wheels hit the ground.

The next moment the manager was at the private telephone in the observation tower. "Put me through to the pilot's office," he snapped. "That you, Dixon? Who's the idiot piloting the last machine that came in? Larry Hammonds? Sure you haven't made a mistake? He'd never handle a bus like that! All right, if you're sure. Send him to me as soon as he reports to the test records office."

The figure that entered the observation turret, after a tap on the door and a call to enter from the manager, was fairly tall and well set. But his shoulders were hunched and his head hung down.

He still wore his pilot's leather coat, and his hands fumbled with the helmet which he carried. He looked a sorry, dejected figure as he waited for the criticism to begin.

"You were piloting that last machine," began the manager, and Larry nodded. "Anything wrong with it?"

Larry looked quickly up and down again. "No, sir. I don't think so," he replied.

"Then what in the name of thunder were you playing at? A lad at school would know more about handling that bus than you seemed to show. You were lucky to land uninjured. What's the bright idea?"

"Nothing, sir. I just couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it? That's a new one, coming from a test pilot! You'll have to explain better than that."

"I'm sorry, sir, but—I've told you as much as I can. I think my flying nerve has gone."

"Nonsense! There's something you're holding back. You had the makings of a crack pilot, Hammonds, and fellows like you don't lose their nerve for nothing. Now, what is it?"

For an answer Larry pulled a folded newspaper from his pocket and handed it over.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION MYSTERY

Harchester is the latest town to suffer from the series of mysterious gasometer explosions which are beginning to alarm the country. One death resulted when the largest gas container of the Harchester Corporation exploded yesterday. As in the previous instances, at Shepton and Haslingbury, no satisfactory reason for the disaster has yet been disclosed, but the rumour that an unidentified red aeroplane was seen flying high above the town a few moments before the explosion occurred coincides with the reports circulating shortly after the Shepton and Haslingbury explosions. No loss of life occurred when the gasometers blew up at those towns, but at Harchester a flying piece of metal struck and killed Mr John Hammonds.

"John Hammonds?" repeated the manager inquiringly.

"He was my father," Larry stated quietly. "It doesn't seem possible that he's dead—and in that way, too."

"I'm sorry. He meant a lot to you, my boy?"

"Probably more than I realise at present. You see, Dad sacrificed a lot to put me in the airplane business. He had great hope that I'd become a star pilot. But now he'll never know whether I live up to his hopes or not."

"I understand. But you'll have to bear up. You say your nerve for flying has gone? You won't have to look at things that way. You'll have to snap out of your depression. I think I see now how you came to make such

a list of bringing-in that machine a few minutes ago. You've got to look at things differently."

Larry was given a pat on the back. Then the manager's tone changed. "I take it that you know nothing about that red plane which the newspaper mentions?"

"It's nothing but a newspaper story!" cut in Hargreaves. "I suppose they have to fill their pages somehow, and that's how they do it—by inventing ridiculous tales of that sort."

Larry paused before replying. He was looking more like his real self.

"I'm not going to say it's entirely true, but don't you think there might be something in it?" he said. "The rumour isn't new: I heard it myself, after the explosions at Shepton and Haslingbury. How can you account for such catastrophes in three different towns, each without a clue to show their origin?"

"I can't account for it. But the story of the red plane doesn't explain it either," the manager remarked. "If such a machine really were in the vicinity it must be a coincidence, that's all. Anyway, we'll drop the subject for the present. You'd better stay here, Hargreaves, and keep an eye on those other planes. Larry, I want you to come with me."

CHAPTER 2

Secret of the Hangar

Two minutes later the young pilot and his employer were being carried swiftly from the observation tower by an electric lift that took them down to the workshops of the Speedi Aircraft Company.

Rather perplexed, Larry followed the manager out on to the tarmac, and was led at once towards a monster hangar which stood isolated at the farther side.

As Larry recognised his destination he started in surprise. It was the hangar containing the Silverwings.

Though he had worked for the Speedi Company for several months, and had seen the mammoth hangar being built, he had never been inside. The huge, epoch-making new plane had been constructed secretly, and was designed on quite new lines. Only the heads of the company and the men actually working on it had been allowed to see it. Why was he, Larry, alone of all the Speedi pilots, being given this unexpected privilege?

JACKO ENJOYS HIS JOB

JACKO was very thrilled when another fall of snow arrived. "Good!" he shouted. "Now for a lot more snow-balling!"

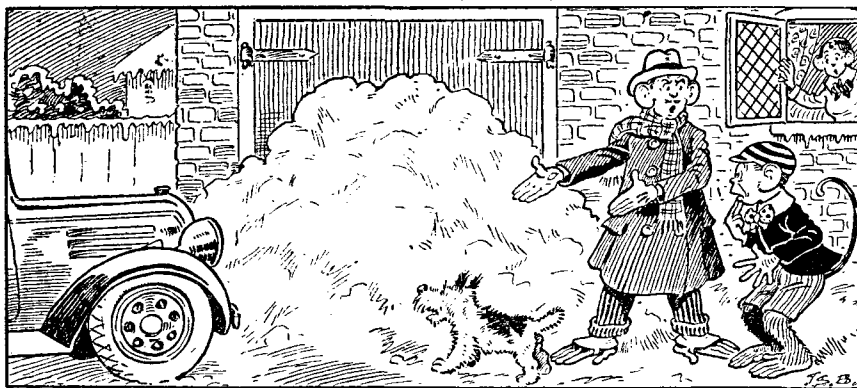
This time Chimp was not in bed with a cold, so he and Jacko spent a grand morning sliding about and having snow-ball battles. But in the afternoon Jacko's mother had other plans for him. "I want you to take these cakes over to Belinda," she said.

top by the time his sister called him into the house for tea.

"We won't wait for Joe," said Belinda. "He's got the car and he won't get along very quickly in this snow. He'll be delighted to find you've cleared the garden path," she added, with a smile.

They were halfway through tea when a loud motor-horn tooted outside.

The next minute Belinda's husband burst in, with a very red face. "Who's



He had completely blocked the garage door

For once Big Sister Belinda was delighted to see her young brother. "You've just come at the right time," she cried. "You can sweep the snow from the garden path."

Jacko got a heavy broom and set to work. But instead of sweeping the snow to the sides he pushed it all in one direction to make a gigantic heap. "Coo! I'm not half making a dandy snow mountain!" he chuckled. "I only wish old Chimp was here!"

The white mountain grew so high that Jacko could scarcely touch the

been sweeping up our snow?" he asked.

"Why, Jacko, bless him!" answered Belinda. "Hasn't he given you a big surprise?"

"He has!" snorted Joe sarcastically. "Up to some more of his tricks, I suppose."

Jacko jumped up from the table. "Now what have I done?" he retorted indignantly.

"Done?" roared Joe, in a fury.

"You've made a great snow pile against the garage door. It's all frozen hard. How do you think I'm to get the car inside?"

The aeroplane that stood before his eyes literally took his breath away. Never in his life had he conceived the possibility of such a plane being built. Not only was it the largest airliner he had ever seen, but its mere outline fascinated him. He could see at a glance it had been designed on novel lines, and it did not need his expert knowledge to understand that the design had possibilities undreamed of.

The wings and body were shaped to a hair's breadth. Not a spar was a fraction of an inch out of place, either regarding flight or appearance. The trio of propellers looked small in comparison with the huge bulk of the machine, but Larry knew they were just right.

Through the safety-glass windows of the fuselage he caught a glimpse of the dual controls. The windows of the passenger cabin showed him a series of sedan seats upholstered in finest leather.

And the finish of the bodywork! It left him gasping. Only half a dozen electric lamps lighted the hangar, yet the wonder plane's surface reflected them like a myriad lights. It was silver-grey in colour, but so highly polished that each light was reflected back a thousandfold.

"What do you think of her?" It was the manager's voice.

"I—I don't know. I've heard a lot about this new machine, sir, but I never thought it would be like this!"

"You haven't seen half of it yet, young fellow. We'll take a look at the engines."

A short ladder led to the interior, and when he had clambered aboard Larry was conducted inside the nose of the machine. One of the engines was housed there; the other two were inside the hollow wings.

Larry's knowledge of internal combustion engines showed him something of major importance at once. "They're Diesels!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, we've managed to instal crude oil engines. That's the biggest point of all in favour of this machine. There'll be little risk of fire, even if she crashes."

Larry shook his head. "She isn't likely to do that! If any machine will fly in a hurricane it's this one."

"The engines are super-charged too, and they'll each develop 1500 h.p. They're the lightest crude oil engines of that horse-power ever built. Heavy oil would have been used for aero engines years ago if it had not meant unduly hefty mechanism. But we've managed to cut down the weight at last, and this is the result."

"You've got a new system of oil cooling," Larry pointed out, pointing to the casings of the cylinders. "That's another point. I'll wager my next week's dinners that she'll average a good 250."

"That's what we're hoping for, but of course we've still to test her. What do you suggest we ought to do to put her through her paces? As a pilot, I think you'll have a sounder opinion on that matter than I have. Let's hear your views."

For nearly an hour Larry discussed the question, and it was growing dusk when at last the manager returned to the company's offices, having parted from Larry at the entrance to the staff quarters. They had, indeed, left each other with a handshake—an occurrence that caused surprise among the other pilots, in view of Larry's mishandling of the smaller machine during the afternoon.

Hargreaves too was surprised when the manager went immediately to the telephone in his private office and asked to be put through to Dixon again.

"I'm glad you've not gone home," he said. "I've a little matter I want you to attend to before you go. It concerns Larry Hammonds."

Dixon's voice expressed understanding. "Yes, sir. I've already made out his discharge notice."

"Discharge my foot!" came the barked retort. "I want to tell you to have the Silverwings ready for test at noon tomorrow. And Hammonds won't be turning up until then. I've told him he is to rest all morning. He'll be taking the Silverwings up alone—understand, alone!"

Though he snapped the receiver into place at once he could not fail to miss the gasp of incredulity that Dixon gave. Nor did he miss the amazed look which Hargreaves shot at him.

"You think I'm crazy, Hargreaves," he volunteered, "but I'm not. That young fellow needs something to restore his lost nerve. I know a reliable pilot when I see one. I'm not taking any chances. Hammonds has the grit, which is more than I can say about some of the fellows we employ. What he wants is a chance to show himself and restore his confidence—and this is going to be his opportunity."

TO BE CONTINUED



Your Child's Health is at Stake

When it comes to choosing medicine for your child, nothing but the best is good enough. A child's health is priceless and a wise mother will not dream of taking chances—she will never gamble with 'cheap' untried preparations.

And so when her child suffers from one of those inevitable stomach 'upsets' she turns in complete confidence to 'Milk of Magnesia.'

Doctors the world over prescribe 'Milk of Magnesia' for children's stomach ailments and to keep the bowels regular. It is wonderfully effective yet entirely harmless even to the youngest babe. Next time your child is out of sorts, listless, has stomach-ache, colic or constipation, give 'Milk of Magnesia.' You will be delighted with the quick comfort it gives; sweetening the sour stomach and relieving the bowels.

Always remember it is absolutely safe and there is nothing 'just as good.'

Sold by all Chemists.
'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (Treble Size)
Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'
(Regd.)

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

Jolly Things YOU can Knit . . .



Even a very little girl can make a "pixie" hood for herself, a scarf or shawl, a "Dusky Sue" tea-cosy, and "Bunny" bed-room slippers, and there are such hosts of other jolly knitted things to make as presents. It tells you all about them, and exactly how to do it, in this BESTWAY book, which costs only sixpence. You'll like the "pixie" pictures in it, too.

BESTWAY KNITTING BY YOUNG FOLK

KNITTING BOOK No. 51

6d at all Newsagents and Bookstalls, or 7d post free (Home or Abroad) from BESTWAY, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

YOU WHO KNOW THE CN . . .

. . . need not be told that it is a paper which deals with all the news that *really* matters . . . that the sensational and the sordid have no place in its pages . . . that the boy or girl, or the man or woman, who reads the CN regularly stands out above the crowd as well-informed concerning the affairs of the world today.

KNOWING this, would you not wish to introduce the paper to a good friend? Please pass this copy on when you have finished with it and show your friend the Order Form below, which should be filled in and handed to a newsagent.

ORDER FORM

To Newsagent
Please deliver THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER every Thursday until further notice to the following address:

Date Signature

If no newsagent is available the CN can be delivered at any address in the world for 11s a year. Please send a cheque or postal order to The Amalgamated Press, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME

BEXHILL-ON-SEA

(Seaside Branch of the Queen's Hospital for Children)

is Maintained by
Voluntary Contributions

Since the Home was opened in 1911 over 6,000 children from London's poorest areas have received the benefits of skilled medical and nursing treatment.

*"Eight Pounds a Day
Just Pays Our Way"*

—BUT THAT EIGHT POUNDS IS HARD TO FIND!

PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW TO—The Secretary,
The Little Folks Home Fund, The Queen's Hospital for Children,
Hackney Road, E.2.

MARIE REALLY ARE SARDINES!
ELISABETH

Millions of British homes annually enjoy the good value of M.E.'s.



How TO KEEP Children's Hair Lovely!

Mothers are now working the same miracles for their children's hair that they have found are so easily performed for their own—with 'Danderine.'

Natural curl is accentuated. A child's hair is easily "trained" and kept orderly, clean and sparkling. A few drops of this fragrant liquid sprinkled on the brush each time the hair is arranged. That is all that's needed. Waves "set" with 'Danderine' last longer and look nicer. Thicker, more luxuriant hair will follow for every member when 'Danderine' becomes a regular habit with your family. It helps to check falling hair, dissolves dandruff and gives dull, brittle hair new life and lustre.

Of Chemists and Stores 1/3, 2/6 and 4/6.

'Danderine'
FOR THE HAIR

All enquiries concerning advertisement space in this publication should be addressed to: The Advertisement Manager, THE CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER, Tallis House, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4.

BREAKFAST-TIME

and breakfast do not always coincide in very poor homes in East London. Please help us to give 52,000 hungry children a good free breakfast this winter. ★ The cost is 3d. each. £1 pays for 80. ★ R.S.V.P. to REV. PERCY INESON, Superintendent, EAST END MISSION, Bromley Street, Commercial Road, Stepney, E.1

STAMP ALBUM PRICES REDUCED!

Nine of the World's Most Popular Stamp Albums—all from Stanley Gibbons—are now cheaper to buy, although size, quality, contents, etc., are all exactly as before. Once again STANLEY GIBBONS leads the field in giving you Better Value for money in Stamp Albums. Remember, always use a STANLEY GIBBONS Album—they are the best, and now even cheaper.

The NINE ALBUMS with REDUCED PRICES are:

STRAND, 4/6, 5/- and 6/-

VICEROY, 7/6 and 8/6

CENTURION, 10/- and 12/6

SIMPLEX Junior, 3/9

SIMPLEX Medium, 5/-

See these albums at your local booksellers or dealers or write for FREE list of Stanley Gibbons' Albums to:

STANLEY GIBBONS LTD.,
Department 107, 391, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

February 25, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

LATEST BEAUTY NOTE: YOUNG AND OLD NOW BLANCH THEIR TEETH.

Women who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight (men, too!) will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth in a week's time.

Within a few days from the time you begin this simple treatment your teeth will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly, and your friends will notice it. Magnesium Hydroxide causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the duldest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

Getting the right brand of Magnesium Hydroxide is no trouble. It is 'Milk of Magnesia,' and this can be obtained in a new type of toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Use this as your regular dentifrice, and your teeth will be very perceptibly whiter.

That, however, is not the main reason dentists are urging the use of this dentifrice. Phillips' Dental Magnesia, containing 75% 'Milk of Magnesia,' is the most effective neutralizer of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And the teeth have an amazing, almost artificial whiteness.

Ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Obtainable everywhere at 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube.

The Paper for the Boy of Today!

No matter what your taste, you'll find plenty to interest you in MODERN BOY—the thrilling boys' paper. Thrills on land, sea, under the sea, and in the air—you get them all in quick-action stories written by such writers as Flying-Officer W. E. JOHNS, ALFRED EDGAR, CHARLES HAMILTON, PERCY F. WESTERMAN, and GEORGE E. ROCHESTER.

MODERN BOY

Every Saturday, of all Newsagents 2d

Bertie Bassett's Diary

"Children! They disappear like magic!"

IN CARTONS 2 3/4 & 6 1/2
Also 3 3/4 Qtr. lb. loose.
Of all good Confectioners

BASSETT'S

ORIGINAL
LIQUORICE ALLSORTS

THE BRAN TUB

Heads and Tails

BELOW are incomplete words. What are missing are the first two and the last two letters of each of the six words. In each word the initial and final letters are alike and appear in the same order.

ERNE UR TAT VE MA AT
Here are clues to the meaning of the words: Most severe. Place of worship. Landed properties. Worship. A fruit. A great speaker.

Answer next week

What Happened on Your Birthday

Feb. 26. Victor Hugo born 1802
27. John Evelyn died 1706
28. Daniel Charles Solander, naturalist, born 1736
March 1. Samuel Romilly born 1757
2. John Wesley died 1791
3. Alexander Graham Bell, telephone inventor, born 1847
4. Lord Somers born 1651

Ici on Parle Français



Le cerceau Le parc Le bassin
hoop park lake
J'aime rouler mon cerceau dans le parc. Une fois il a roulé dans le bassin.

I love to bowl my hoop in the park. Once it rolled into the lake.

Ask Your Friends

Ask your friends this question, quite seriously:
Can a man marry his widow's sister?
It is surprising how many people, including grown-ups, will fail to see that the question is nonsense.

Jack and Jill in Trouble

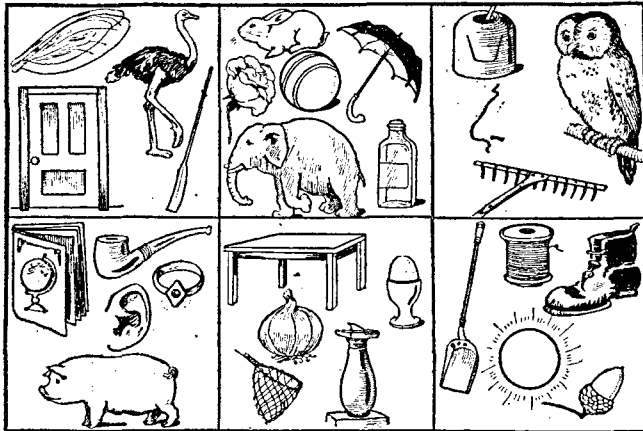
LITTLE Miss Muffit
And little Boy Blue,
With Jackie Horner,
And Tom Tucker too,
Went to Cinderella
And said Jack and Jill
Had stole a Crooked Sixpence
From Mother Hubbard's till.

The Knott Knitter

JOHN KNOTT could not knit, so he invented a knitter which would knit, and which Knott called the "Knott knitter."

But the Knott knitter could not knit a knot, and Knott therefore had to tie the knots that the Knott knitter could not knit. But one day Knott, while tying knots for the Knott knitter, invented an attachment for the Knott knitter which could knit knots,

Six Familiar Materials



THE initial letters of the objects in each square spell the name of a well-known material, and one of the objects in each is made of the material concerned. Can you find the six materials? Answer next week

and which he called the Knott knitter.

When the Knott knitter was attached to the Knott knitter the Knott knitter would knit the knots which the Knott knitter could not knit. And not a knitter could knit knots like the Knott knitter for the Knott knitter.

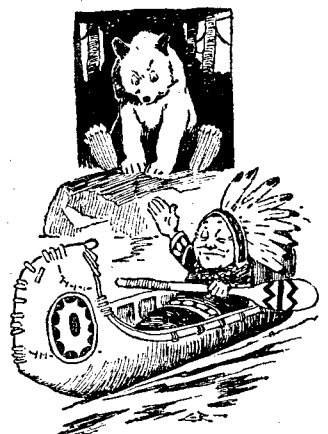
What Are the Names?

Six boys' Christian names are described by the following clues:

A place in the Isle of Man. Candid. A motor-car accessory. Zealous. Ships that founder. A period in English history.

Answer next week

Good-bye



If I were you I wouldn't wait. I shan't be back, perhaps, till late!

Topsy-Turvy Arithmetic

WHAT three numbers do I mean Which placed together make nineteen;
From which you take the fourth of four,
And there remains an even score? Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Jupiter is in the west, Saturn in the south-west, and Uranus in the south. In the morning Venus and Mars are in the south-east. The picture shows the moon as it may be seen at half-past six on Monday evening, February 27.

Pussy's Portal

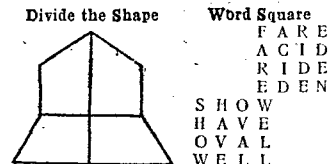
A CERTAIN wise man, it is written, By absence of mind badly bitten, Made two holes in his door, Where but one was before, To admit his pet cat and her kitten!

This Week in Nature

WHEN digging in the garden one may unearth the smooth brown chrysalis of the cabbage moth. This should be destroyed, for the larva creates havoc on any species of cabbage by burrowing through to the very heart of the vegetable. The colouring of the moth is a mottling of dark greyish brown on the upper wings and a paler brown with a blackish tint on the lower ones.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Peter Puck's Fun Fair

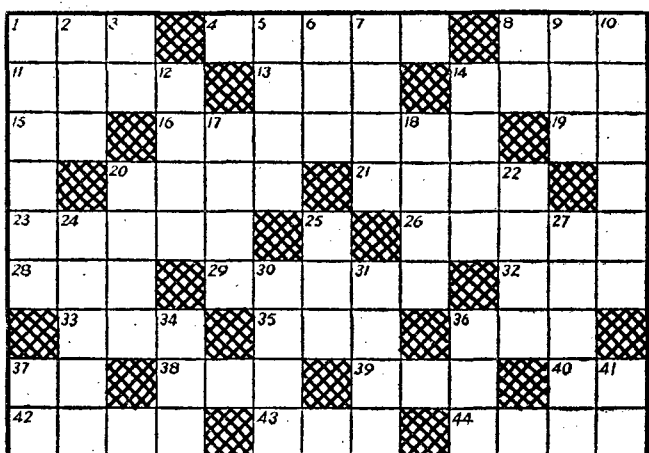


Picture Errors. No handle on door. Cow has only one horn. Shadows wrong way. Walking-stick upside-down. Water-pipe too long for butt. Chicken nesting in a tree.

Reading Across. 1. A coniferous tree. 4. Overhead. 8. To obstruct. 11. A Mohammedan priest. 13. A sheep. 14. Withered. 15. New Paragraph. 16. Tapering monument of stone. 19. Before noon. 20. Said of a rope that is tight. 21. Part of the finger. 23. Soiled by smuts. 26. A pig's nose. 28. A continuous murmuring sound. 29. Opposite to north. 32. Answer. 33. Not existing before. 35. A leguminous plant. 36. An industrious insect. 37. Officer Commanding. 38. Evening before a Church festival. 39. To hinder. 40. The thing in question. 42. A cosy home. 43. Born. 44. A perennial plant.

Reading Down. 1. This should be at the end. 2. A mischievous child. 3. Royal Academician. 5. Root crop yielding sugar. 6. Night-hunting bird. 7. A blood-vessel. 8. To exist. 9. Associate of the Royal Academy. 10. Pardons. 12. Wide ditch surrounding a castle. 14. The body's outer cover. 17. Acquires for cash. 18. The frame holding window-panes. 20. A heavy volume. 22. Moneylent. 24. A weight or a leopard-like animal. 25. To prosecute. 27. To loosen. 30. Exposed. 31. To subdue. 34. Soaked. 36. Skill. 37. Preposition. 41. Note in tonic-solfa scale.

The CN Cross Word Puzzle



Abbreviations are indicated by asterisks among the clues. Answer next week